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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.

The Week.

It is certain, as we go to press, that Seymour and Blair will have 36 votes in the electoral college, it is probable that they will have 87, and it is possible that they may get the 5 votes of Arkansas and have in all 92. Beyond reasonable doubt they have carried Georgia—intimidation got it for them—Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, and Louisiana—intimidation again. To the 36 votes of these States probably we should add the 7 of New Jersey, the 3 of Oregon, the 8 of Alabama, and the 5 of Arkansas—where also murder has run riot for weeks—and finally the 33 of New York. How this State has been carried for the Democratic candidates, if indeed it has been carried for them, everybody knows. In twenty polling districts of this city the number of votes cast exceeds the total number registered. In other words, the Republicans have been cheated out of 33 electoral votes and New York out of the honor of giving them to Grant and into the dishonor of giving them to a plausible, dishonest, feeble politician by "repeaters" and "strikers." But for the excellent precautions of the police authorities the Democratic majority in the State would have been 30,000 or 40,000. Against Seymour's 36 sure votes and 92 possible ones we must set down 201 as sure for Grant and 239 as possibly his; Arkansas may have gone for him; and there is a bare possibility that, though the Ring candidate is certainly the next governor, Grant may have beaten Seymour. It is a possibility and hardly a probability. But he has carried all New England—unless one regards Butler's district as an exception—all the great West and North-west; in fact, if we look as we should at the Hudson County frauds in Jersey, and the shameless cheating in this city, Grant and Colfax may be said to have carried every Northern State. Take our account of the assassinations of the South, and Grant and Colfax must be considered as the choice of that section of the country also. As to Congressmen, the Republicans have had defeats in this as in the October elections. Especially in the Southern States have the Democrats made gains; but in the North also there have been Republican losses. Some of them, to be sure, were blessings in disguise. Donnelly's defeat and Ashley's are honorable to the party. On the whole, it is probable that in the next Congress there will be 133 Republicans to 77 Democrats—not a two-thirds majority, and one that will keep the House more sensible than it was when the figures stood 174 Republicans to 53 Democrats. In the Senate, on the other hand, there will be more Republicans than ever. A Democrat may replace Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; but Doolittle goes by the board, and so does Dixon, and so do Buckalew and Hendricks. We have no private analysis of the vote in Butler's district, but his majority seems to indicate that he was largely indebted to the Democrats for his "Radical" triumph. To the moral of his election, as already discussed by us, we have

nothing to add, unless that, considering what the canvass developed in regard to Butler's character, his palpable failure to meet the charges against him, and the thoroughly disreputable and dishonest manner in which he conducted his own cause, the district must take far more shame to itself for his election than for his nomination.

No election in the country was ever attended by so much fraud as the one we have just gone through. In this State, of course, the natural home of chicanery and boundless rascality, the fattening-place of the corruptest of all American politicians, every variety of cheating has been practised. The naturalization mill we spoke of last week is probably the most effective of all the means of defrauding honest citizens of the control of their political affairs. Men in thousands were made citizens who have no more right to a certificate and a vote than if they were still on their native side of the Atlantic. False names in thousands were put on the registration lists, and on the strength of them repeaters went from precinct to precinct voting early and often. In Brooklyn, in open defiance of law, the officials whose duty it was to count the vote deliberately announced their intention of performing their functions in secret with closed doors. This in order to make the majority as large as might be needed. Such a proceeding, of course, makes the perpetrators of it liable to punishment on conviction, but unfortunately it does not vitiate the poll—and conviction these gentry do not greatly fear. In order that it might be learned just how large a majority it was that would probably be needed, the notorious Supervisor Tweed and his associates sent out a day or two before the election to every county in the State a circular to this effect: The recipient was to make arrangements with a shrewd and reliable Democrat in each city and in most of the towns, whose business it should be to transmit in the early part of the evening an approximate estimate of the relative vote of the two parties. "There was, of course an important object to be gained." The object was, of course, that the Hoffman ring might in turn tell their henchmen in this county and Kings how many ballots to add to the number really cast, fraudulently or honestly. The desperate lengths to which Tammany went are perhaps more strikingly shown by the harmonious proclamations of Mayor Kalbfleisch and Mayor Hoffman—whom we are asked to believe only unfortunate in his associates, though the plain truth is that the most of them are as unfortunate in him as he in them—both of which incite to lawlessness and murder. Luckily some of these rascals, and some big fish as well as some little ones, are under arrest; and unless honest citizens, with proverbial American good-nature, let them go, they will stock the penitentiary, it is to be hoped. The Citizens' Association or the Union League Club never did better work than either would do by following them up with all possible severity.

"What more do the people of the North want?" as Mr. John Quincy Adams says; "what more have they a right to ask? What stronger and better guarantees?" etc., etc. Sure enough. The Republican club-rooms throughout New Orleans and several residences of Republicans have, within the week, been broken into and sacked; the nightly number of murders in the city has been for several nights more than a score; and, although it is not to be denied that the negroes are in some cases the aggressors, yet it is a true general description of the state of things in New Orleans, in the adjacent parishes, and in Louisiana generally, that former rebels kill Union men with alarming frequency, and that the United States soldiers under General Rousseau are no great hindrance. Rousseau, to be sure, has but 600 men in the city. The governor, Warmoth, has been obliged to keep in hiding, and so have many other Republicans who have made themselves con-

spicuous. There is simply a reign of terror throughout Louisiana, and the State will certainly have to be policed by Federal troops under a commander of a different stripe from Rousseau, or Chief-of-Police Tom Adams and his old companions-in-arms will continue to make Republicanism punishable with death.

"Only seven o' thim bites," as the Irishman said of his nine "quiet" dogs; and when we think that our erring sisters were ten in number, and that we get accounts of terrorism, rioting, and steady murdering only from Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, South Carolina, Missouri, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, there is no cause why a New Orleans and a Boston Conservative should not each take a cheerful view of the situation. As for the satrapy of Texas, we may say that we did some injustice, perhaps, in ascribing the recent assassination of Mr. Smith to the officer commanding the garrison at Jefferson. He had but twenty-five or thirty men with him guarding the jail when he was surrounded by a well-equipped mob of two hundred men bent on murder. The officer judged it right to make his men ground arms, inasmuch as they assuredly would have been overpowered. Yet it almost seems as if it was the duty of United States soldiers to go to certain death in a quarrel of that kind. Smith fought with desperate courage, and had eighteen bullets put into him before he stopped firing. General Reynolds, it is said, is to be removed from command in Texas—Mr. Johnson being dissatisfied with him for his attempts to suppress the horrors that make the State a disgrace to the country and the age. Arkansas has had a fight between fifty negroes and a party of white men, in which the former were defeated. Mr. Hinds's murderer turns out to be the secretary of the Monroe County Democratic Committee. On Saturday last a gang in ambush by a roadside in Little River County killed Captain Willis of the Freedman's Bureau, and Captain Porter Andrews of the army, and wounded the county sheriff. The same band of Conservatives killed two negroes on the same day. In the town of Crittenden, in the same State, six men were last week shot for being Radicals and two men for the reason that they tried to bury the others.

A similar thing happened in Tennessee, where a negro, discovered making a coffin for a man killed by the Ku-Klux, was whipped by a party of them, and afterwards, for having indiscreetly said that he knew who had tied him up, was taken into the woods and has not reappeared. At Huntsville, Alabama, a Radical meeting was broken up by a well-directed fire from a Conservative procession. "Judge Horton, a marked man, was mortally wounded," two negroes were killed and many wounded. Huntsville, it is to be remembered, is in a part of Alabama where white Republicans are by no means scarce. In South Carolina, Wade Hampton and his friends have put forth a circular deprecating assassination, which is a good action if it is a sad confession. Governor Bullock said, on Monday, that in Georgia "a reign of terror exists," and predicted that only one-third of the Republicans would dare to poll their votes. This was not an exaggeration. Florida voted by her Legislature and was quiet; and Governor Holden, in his private letters, speaks very hopefully of the future prospects of his State. It is almost the only State that we should feel like recommending to Northern men as a region in which they may settle in security. Its Quakers and Scotch, and its strong infusion of old Whigs, and its solid-headed, honest yeomanry—there is a good probability of a valuable colored yeomanry there—make it, altogether, a State to be honored, liked, and trusted. It certainly is now more nearly recovered from the effects of the war than any of the other members of the Confederacy; and this is directly traceable to the comparative moderation and sensible political course of its people. But with the other States it becomes clearer and clearer every day that something must be done; and we hope Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Jenckes, and Mr. Schenck, and Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Conkling, are doing some thinking about it, and are not intending that the Gloucester sage shall have any word to say in the business. He will do better to confine himself to Grant's case.

The elections have served one useful purpose in New York, in marking more clearly than is possible in ordinary times the extent of the progress which the judiciary and the municipal government have

made on the downward road. Election frauds on such an enormous scale have never been witnessed in this country. We described their magnitude last week; and more than one of the judges have participated, with divers other officials, in the issue of certificates of naturalization to fraudulent applicants, and one has done so openly, and as a good joke, with a cigar in his mouth and a glass of whiskey-and-water beside him on the bench, the room crowded with Irish and German emigrants getting their first lesson in the nature of republican institutions. At this shocking degradation of everything that is sacred in politics the whole body of Democratic leaders and officials seem to connive. The United States courts have, however, at last taken cognizance of the matter, which never ought to have been allowed to pass out of their hands, and the District Attorney, Mr. Courtney, has done his duty admirably. He has preferred bills of indictment against the leading criminals, including the judge, and the grand jury have found the bills—the whole being a regular legal proceeding, the propriety and justice of which can now only be decided by a trial. Here, however, the Mayor, who is also Democratic candidate for the governorship, and whom decency ought to have kept quiet, issues a proclamation evidently intended to encourage the fraudulent voters to resist the law, and denouncing the proceedings in the United States courts as a Republican conspiracy. Taking all these things in combination with the attempt on the life of Christopher Pullman, an indefatigable municipal reformer, and a working-man to boot, in the open street in broad daylight, and with still worse horrors which we hear every day, but cannot print, it may safely be said that we have reached a state in this city such as has never been witnessed in one of its size and pretensions, and the remedy for which must be sought outside the ordinary rules of the political art. We earnestly call to it the attention of those Radicals who have been preaching to the poor Democrats, by their support of Butler, that the character of politicians is of no question as long as they are sound on the great "issues." All our soundrels here are, in the estimation of the local majority, "sound" on all "issues." Your definition of "soundness" does not influence them, but your disgraceful indifference to moral considerations does.

We have one more letter from "A Philadelphia Lawyer" about the election frauds in that city, which reaches us too late to print entire, and as it will not keep till next week we shall, we hope, satisfy him by saying that he denies that the Prothonotary's office was "cleared out," or that any more new clerks were employed than the business needed; that Chief-Justice Thompson offered himself as a witness in a case in *his* court, or anywhere but before Judge Sharswood. He asserts that the fact to which Chief-Justice Thompson testified on that occasion is admitted by "every one," and that the Prothonotary's hesitation about the forgeries was only momentary; that it is a very queer thing that if Devine's story was worthless, nobody has earned the Union League reward by trying to convict him; that the grand jury ignored a bill against a policeman for shooting a man "*because the man shot was a Democrat*" (this we consider rather strong on its face); that Judge Read's last performance, in delivering an opinion on the naturalization matter, with no case before him, is worse than that of which Judge Field was accused; that Judge Read's son, General J. Meredith Read, Jr., will be the next minister to England; and that the judge has stronger claims on General Grant than any other man in Philadelphia. But with this statement of the "Philadelphia Lawyer's" opinions the discussion of these particular frauds must cease as far as we are concerned.

There appears to be intense excitement amongst the Butlerites about dinners. Some meal given to somebody in times past must have given a serious shock to their nerves, and perhaps, though we hope not, has sown the seeds of permanent disease. They now shudder when they hear of anybody wanting to give a dinner to any public man they do not like. They tell you, for instance, in low, hollow tones, that R. H. Dana signed the invitation to Fessenden, or that the New York bar had invited Evarts to dinner, and look as if a criminal had just confessed to them where he had buried the body and what he had done with the watch and purse.

One of the chief members of the sect has just been elevating Butler above Grant in the moral and political scale, and the symptoms of some of the others are equally grave. There is, for obvious reasons, no use in arguing with them. In fact, it is getting to be cruel to do so. Quiet and repose are now the only things that will bring them relief.

The telegraph operator who communicated to General Butler the despatch from Mr. Samuel Ward to Mr. Edward Atkinson, which the general unblushingly published, has been discovered; but he prudently resigned when he found that discovery was impending. The president of the company, Mr. Atkinson says, is quite ready and willing to prosecute him; but thinks it would be of no use, as a man guilty of a similar offence in this city was discharged from custody on the ground that he could not in decency be prosecuted for an act which the Butler "Committee of Investigation" perpetrated last spring wholesale. Mr. Atkinson thinks the court would have decided differently, however, had it known that the committee repudiated the acts of the chairman in seizing the telegrams. The offender in question was not discharged by the court. The district attorney, Mr. Oakey Hall, refused to prosecute, on the ground set forth above; but if he had prosecuted, and the man had been convicted, the precedent would have availed little in this last case. No jury could with propriety convict a poor young man of stealing the Ward telegram when his older confederate, for whose benefit he stole it, and who used it publicly, was at the same moment going to Congress by the suffrages of one of the most moral and intelligent constituencies in the country. We know very well that a good many Butlerites flatter themselves that they can fence off the general's "soundness on the main question" from his other characteristics, and by keeping it constantly and principally before the public eye prevent their admiration of him from damaging the morals of the community. But unhappily Providence has seen fit to make this little arrangement impossible. A man's influence on society is the result of his whole character and career, and not of his "views" on any particular subject; and when General Butler is singled out by Massachusetts from her hundreds of thousands of worthy sons for honor and reward, it is not simply "the friend of the black man," or the "foe of the Copperheads," or the hero of the march through Baltimore that the poor young men see, but the whole man, *totus teres atque rotundus*—the Lowell lawyer, the Charleston delegate, the New Orleans proconsul, the impeacher, and investigator rolled into one. The telegraph operator who stole the despatch is, doubtless, as "sound on the main question" as Butler himself. The fact is, the Butlerite classification of "questions" is not registered in heaven or anywhere else, except the offices of a few Radical newspapers, and the sect may as well reconcile itself at once to the solemn fact that any society based on such a classification would go to pieces in ten years.

Secretary Seward made his appearance in the canvass during the past week by a speech to his friends and neighbors at Auburn, which was characterized by great moderation, good taste, and good sense. He abandoned none of the positions he has held during the past four years—this is hardly to be expected from a man of his years—but he defended them with calmness and dignity. He told the story of reconstruction according to the Johnson version of it. He said—what is quite true—that the plan Mr. Johnson attempted to act on was substantially the one devised by Mr. Lincoln; but it was a plan which involved more or less usurpation of power on the part of the President, and therefore depended for its success, as Mr. Seward admitted, on the popular confidence in the President's sagacity and good intentions. This Mr. Lincoln had and Mr. Johnson had not, or only in a very minor degree, and therefore the success which was possible to Mr. Lincoln was scarcely attainable by Mr. Johnson, even if all went well. On this point Mr. Seward was clear and candid. We therefore looked with some curiosity for his explanation of the cause of the overthrow of Mr. Johnson's plan in 1866, the sudden change in the Northern temper, and the rapid ascendancy of the extreme Radical section of the Republican party. The true cause of these things undoubtedly was the revelation which was made of Southern schemes with regard to the negroes in the winter of 1865-6, and the reckless and barbarous

legislation by which it was sought to put these schemes into execution; but of all this Mr. Seward, strange to say, makes no mention. To him, apparently, the triumph of the Radicals was due to an outbreak of "pure cussedness." As between the two parties now before the country, Mr. Seward prefers the Republican, and we presume has voted for Grant. "Very great crimes," he says, "have been committed in the name of liberty by the Republican party," but "no suspicion rests on its loyalty or its devotion to human freedom," and he cannot say as much for the Democratic party.

The Water-Street "revival" has, we believe, come to an end, and the researches of the City Mission have shown that very few, if any, of the class for whose benefit the movement was set on foot, amongst whom, we were assured, it was "sweetly and quietly" making its way, have profited by it, or even attended any of the meetings. It was got up and carried through to its end by a body called the "Howard Mission;" and the time now seems to have come to ask what is the "Howard Mission?" What is the nature of the organization? Who compose it? Who are its directors, trustees, or managers; and where do they live or do business? Where are its reports and especially its accounts of receipts and expenditures? If any printed accounts exist, who has audited them, and under what conditions? In asking these questions, we are not only giving expression to a legitimate curiosity on the part of several subscribers to its funds, but we are giving the body a chance of establishing a firmer hold on public confidence and gratitude than it now possesses.

Two very curious and interesting papers have recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled the "Préliminaires de Sadowa," giving the history of the various intrigues, negotiations, and combinations which led to the outbreak of the war of 1866. They contain a great deal of matter never before made public, and certainly make the position of the Prussians, from a moral point of view, wear a somewhat unpleasant look. There was a touch of grim humor in the opinion solemnly given by the Prussian crown lawyers that, though the title of Prussia to the duchies may not have been good before she seized them, it was perfectly good afterward, because it rested on military conquest. But the most important point brought out is that Venice was ceded to France by Austria before a shot was fired; and the battle of Sadowa was, therefore, fought merely for the honor of the Austrian arms, and with the deliberate intention of evacuating the Italian territory after it had been won. The fact of the cession was not revealed till after Sadowa. The world was then given to understand by the *Moniteur* that it had just been made. There has not been in this century a more striking illustration than this affords of the wild, romantic, and therefore cruel, way in which aristocracies carry on war; and it helps everybody to understand how it is that aristocratic armies are being driven out of existence by the growth of the democratic plan of conducting war on business principles. The presence in Bohemia of the army which was fighting for "honor" in Venetia would probably have saved the aged empire, to say nothing of thousands of lives.

The report of which we recently spoke, that the French Emperor's mind was more inclined to peace than it has been for some time back, and that M. Guizot's article was the cause of his conversion, continues to receive partial confirmation. That is, there are plenty of signs that he is more than usually desirous of peace; but of course the cause of the change is somewhat doubtful. Advancing years count for something in it; the formidable character of the enemy he would encounter, the certainty that, while one great defeat would ruin his dynasty, three defeats would probably only weld Germany into a solid mass, and turn it on France in a white heat of rage and patriotism, doubtless count for more. The revolution in Spain has contributed something toward the result, but rather by way of providing food for reflection than by intimidation. There is always something suggestive to other monarchs in the fall of a monarchy; and the treason of the army and navy makes the Spanish revolution peculiarly suggestive to Louis Napoleon. A reduction of the army is still talked of, and the general confidence in peace is about twice as strong as it was a month ago.

THE DEMOCRATS AS AN OPPOSITION.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S speech in South Carolina, and the recent attempt to throw Seymour and Blair overboard, and the fact, which now seems to be well established, that there does exist in the ranks of the Democratic party a large body of persons who are sensible of the folly which has marked the course of the party during the last year or two, seem to furnish some foundation for the hope that the party will, during the coming four years, if it can do nothing else, at least furnish the country with something like a decent opposition. We are not, as our readers know, amongst the number of those who looked on in unmixed admiration at the Republican performances in Congress since 1865. They were undoubtedly marked by many follies and absurdities. The party in power was guilty of some foolish legislation; of many foolish attempts at legislation. Its leaders said a great many wild things, and for a while the control of the organization seemed to be put up at auction, the men that said the wildest things being treated as the highest bidders. People who talked to it of reason or experience, of possibility or impossibility, were denounced as traitors or idiots. So things went on till 1867, when undoubtedly the country was pretty well disgusted with Republican rule, and bore it solely because of the magnitude and importance of the interests the party had in its keeping, and which in no other keeping would have been safe. With the impeachment the critical point in the party fortunes was reached. The process, properly conducted, the country was perfectly willing to submit to, but it was not prepared for the scandals and excesses by which it in fact was marked. However, by good luck rather than by good management, it came out of it without serious damage. We have no hesitation now in saying, however, that it was saved from utter ruin by the votes of the seven senators. Whether they were corrupt or honest in their decision, it prevented the accession of Mr. Wade to the Presidency and the predominance of men like General Butler in the councils of the executive, and probably the nomination of Mr. Wade at Chicago. Now, there is no doubt whatever, in view of what the majorities have been at the late elections, both State and Federal, that the happening of either of these contingencies would have killed the party and delivered the country into the hands of the Democrats. Three or four months of the rule of Wade and Butler might have established the reign of pure "truth," but it would also have determined the country to bring that reign to a close at the earliest possible moment, and that moment would have been the 4th of March, 1869. These are not simple speculations of our own, nor are they things which anybody will hear at mass meetings; but they are things which nine out of ten thinking Republicans will tell you in a private room. The party has been saved, as we have said, first of all by the result of the impeachment process, and secondly, and proximately by the opportunity to follow the dictates of its sound and sober judgment which that result afforded the Chicago Convention.

But when one compares even the most foolish of the Republican leaders to the wisest of the Democratic leaders, one begins involuntarily to excuse the Republican vagaries. The Democrats in Congress, to be sure, were small; but they had nearly half the population of the North at their back. They were but a handful; but they, in reality, represented nearly as many voters as the majority. The knowledge of this fact would have made men possessing the least skill in their art a powerful and dreaded enemy. It could not, of course, have given them the victory, when heads came to be counted, but it would have given their criticisms weight and edge; would have made formidable breaches in the Republican ranks out of doors; would have held the more reasonable and intelligent portion of the Democratic party firm in their allegiance; and would, perhaps, only have been prevented from driving the Republicans from power by making them sensible of their danger and opening their eyes to the value of wisdom and discretion.

As things went, however, the Democratic members in Congress during the past three years have perhaps supplied the most comical and pitiable chapter in the history of legislative bodies. In the first place, in their parliamentary tactics they imitated Thaddeus Stevens, in acting rather like prophets who had a message to deliver to a stiff-necked generation than like politicians whose business it was to win

men over to their way of thinking. One would suppose, to watch their performances, their dilatory motions when the final result was perfectly clear, their bombastic protests, their small parliamentary tricks, their personal attacks, their grotesque and absurd resolutions; their persistent opposition to everything good, bad, or indifferent which the really good men of the Republican party advocated; their readiness to league with the dregs of the Republican party in the prosecution of any scheme likely to embarrass the majority, no matter what its effect might be on the nation at large; their wild and reckless exaggerations of the really weak points in Republican rule; their ostentatious indifference to the public credit, as if the fate of the national debt could be anything but a matter of the deepest importance to any inhabitant of the country; their ostentatious indifference to the fate of the negroes, as if the condition, mental and moral and physical, of four millions of persons out of a population of ten millions could be a small concern to any honest and intelligent man appointed to legislate for it; their unwillingness to admit that there was any good motive whatever at the bottom of the prosecution of the war in which three hundred thousand of their own friends and neighbors had laid down their lives—in short, the concentration of their wits and energies during three long years on the one petty and disreputable task of impeding the path of the majority, a task to which the feeblest wits and energies were, of course, equal,—one would suppose, we say, that the sole object of their constituents in sending them to Congress was to act as a kind of light cavalry and make the enemy feel uncomfortable.

Their mission was, however, not to beat the Republicans in the vote, or wear them out by filibustering, or surpass them in badinage, but to present to the country and the world regularly and temperately, and as ably as they could, with as little exaggeration as possible—exaggeration on the part of minorities being the equivalent of the military offence of being drunk on duty—that other side of every question that came up which it was naturally the tendency of the majority to overlook or conceal. But they presented no side of anything. They ranted by the hour. Not one of their speeches was of any more use in elucidating any point under discussion than the crackling of thorns under a pot. They did not even protect freedom of debate; they made it ridiculous. They talked so much nonsense that when the majority was gagging them, the public laughed and said it served them right. The discourses of their ablest man (leaving out Reverdy Johnson), Senator Doolittle, were wild statements of doctrines, both social and political, which everybody knew were dying or dead, and with which there was no chance whatever of influencing the drift of public opinion. Their weightiest men in the House never produced anything more formidable than dry essays on "the negro's place in nature," and one of them had the candor to acknowledge that his essay on this subject was the composition of an obscure Ohio doctor. Their political economy was not a whit better than Thaddeus Stevens's, and such as it was they did not understand it, and seldom produced it; and, when they did produce it, handled it as a savage might a gun. On the currency and taxation they gave no evidence of possessing any fixed views whatever. Sometimes they were for greenbacks and sometimes for gold, and were opposed apparently to all taxation; but whether they preferred greenbacks or gold became more and more uncertain as the years rolled on. Their last proposal on the matter of finance is to make the currency as bad as possible for the purpose of annoying the party that suspended specie payments.

They have now once more a chance of regaining a little respectability. They have four years in which to prepare for the next election, and during that period some of the weightiest questions in political economy and jurisprudence will come before Congress. They can, by a very small amount of exertion in the discussion of these matters, win back a considerable amount of popular confidence. Suppose they were to take up even one reform, and advocate it with temper, and knowledge, and discretion. They helped General Butler in deranging the plan of the Committee of Ways and Means; suppose they were to help Mr. Jenckes in preparing the Civil Service Bill. This would commit them to nothing inconsistent with the position they now hold on reconstruction and would certainly win popular respect. Suppose,

too, they were to make themselves the champions of what Burke calls "civil prudence" in their treatment of the Southern question, accept all accomplished facts, admit the negro's right to security as well as liberty even while denying his right to vote, and denounce all outrages on him or oppressive legislation directed against him. Suppose they were to take hold of some theory of revenue and taxation which has some basis in facts and derives some support from human experience—say hard money, or free banking, or free trade—and preach it zealously and consistently; do something, in short, to win back for Democrats the credit of thinking and reasoning. Suppose, in short, they were to substitute some line of action for mere abuse of the party in power, would they not speedily win back some of their lost ground? Has any opposition ever succeeded in preserving a shadow of authority or a particle of weight after it had ceased to have anything to propose or affirm, and had begun to rely wholly on negation and invective?

SLANDER AND LIBEL.

A NEW law-book, by Mr. John Townshend, designed to present the profession with all about the law of slander and libel which a lawyer can expect to find in a single volume, and which does present it with great conciseness as well as completeness, and which nevertheless supplies instructive as well as entertaining reading for laymen, suggests some reflections worth noting touching the effect of the changes in modern society in lowering the value and interest of the law of libel. We do not mean to say that the time has come, or is even near at hand, when it will make no difference whether a man can or can not bring an action or get out a warrant against his fellow-man for the use of language injurious to his peace or reputation. A legal remedy for the wrongs of the tongue there will doubtless always be, and always should be; but there seems to be little question that it will be hereafter less and less resorted to. Not only is the world growing less and less sensitive to personal abuse or depreciation, but personal abuse and depreciation do people much less harm than they used to do. It is not very many years ago since a man of average respectability, and not a clergyman, was expected, in nearly all civilized countries, to kill or wound anybody else of average respectability who said unhandsome things about him and refused to retract or apologize. If a man said I had lied, although I might have a character for truthfulness of thirty years' standing, I was obliged to try to murder him, and to give him at the same time a chance of murdering me. Or, if he said I had on a certain occasion behaved in a cowardly manner, I was obliged, although I might have led the van on a dozen famous fields, to wash out the imputation, as the phrase was, in his blood. It does not seem in those days of sensitiveness to have made any difference whether the slurs thrown on one had any foundation or not, or whether people believed them or not; he was obliged to act as if they did believe them, and to feel or feign the greatest indignation, and show it by risking his life. Even men whose age or profession or principles prevented them from exacting "the satisfaction usual amongst gentlemen" were forced either to go to law for "the vindication of their honor" or to undergo social reprobation, more or less severe according to the moral and mental condition of the society in which they lived. This extreme sensitiveness, too, was not confined to the upper classes of society. Suits were brought by persons of all ranks for the punishment of charges which could have done no damage except to the feelings, and which would now simply excite laughter. The slanders recited in some of the older recorded cases are uncommonly amusing. Actions have been brought for calling a man a "thieving puppy," a "bankrupt knave," a "bankrupt skrub," a "cuckoldy rogue," a "hog thief," or a "rebellious knave," and for saying that he "got drunk on Christmas Day," or that he was "an enchanter" or "a varlet." Judges have gravely ruled that it was not actionable to call a man a "thievish knave," or "a cheat," or "common filcher," or to say that he had "thievishly taken" some money; but that it *was* actionable to call him a "thieving rogue" or a "thieving pirate," or to say that "he deserved to have his ears nailed to the pillory." In fact, the books swarm with the results of solemn deliberations of the great masters of the law upon the precise force and effect of epithets used in a passion by pairs of foul-mouthed and uneducated disputants, who probably never in their lives had weighed a word they uttered.

In England, during the latter half of the last century and in the early part of this one, the attorney-general's time was largely occupied in prosecuting printers and authors for saying naughty things about men in authority and about the Christian religion and the general principles of morality. The attacks of a "news-writer" or pamphleteer, however absurd or extravagant or pointless, set men in the highest positions nearly

wild. The letters of Junius are mostly a mass of turgid and pompous abuse, which few editors of good newspapers would now be willing to print, and yet they convulsed English society in their day, and in consequence of their doing so still furnish materials for one of the dullest bits of contemporary speculation. The European dread of libels was felt in America by the statesmen and clergy in mostly the same degree, and it led shortly after the formation of the Government to the passage of an act providing for the punishment of editorial attacks on persons in authority. It really seemed to good people at that time as if a writer could break up the framework of society with epigrams and sarcasms and epithets. One of the most curious relics of the old state of feeling as regarded spoken or written imputations on the character, is the practice of "posting" persons who refused to fight a duel—that is, sticking up a bill on a post or gate announcing to the world that A. had been guilty of certain base acts and was, in the estimation of B., "a liar and a coward." It has completely died out in England, and we doubt if it was ever known on the Continent; but one hears of it occasionally still in that great museum of antiquated observances and exploded theories, the Southern States. The last person of whom we have heard as resorting to it was, as might have been expected, Mr. Pollard of the "Lost Cause," who made his appearance not long ago, in some public place in Richmond, armed with a long gun, and majestically kept watch while a negro, carrying a paste-pot, a brush, and piece of paper bearing a defamatory composition from the Pollard pen, "posted" one of his enemies on a suitable wall or paling. There was a time when this ceremony, which was usually performed with great solemnity, was supposed to inflict ineffaceable infamy, being the equivalent of the unavenged "soufflet" of the French code. It was the rod by which cowardly slanderers were whipped to the field of honor or driven from society, and was, therefore, really a terrible penalty. The newspapers would, of course, have supplanted the bill-sticker, even if the practice of exposing one's enemies to the scorn of the world still lingered amongst us; but what more than anything else has driven it, and all things like it, out of use is the decline of the idea of conventional "dishonor"—that is, of the belief that one's character can be really affected by what other people say apart from the truth of what they say. We might express the same thing more accurately by ascribing it to the growth of realism, in our way of looking at all the social relations. It is the application of the utilitarian test which has killed the duel, and this same test is doing much to make the action for libel an obsolete remedy. Rationalism has done much the same work in this field as in others. People have found by experience that, as a matter of fact, it does a man no harm to be libelled, unless the charge made is one that, if true, or if generally believed, would affect his fitness for his calling. To charge a clergyman with licentiousness, or a doctor with malpractice, or a lawyer with selling his client, must always be an injury, as real as robbing his house or assaulting him, and in such cases, doubtless, the law will always be appealed to for protection. In fact, the legal theory on which the action for libel is based, is that a man suffers pecuniary damage in every case in which he is libelled. It is only, of course, by the aid of a fiction that this is applied to a great number of cases, in which the person libelled suffers simply distress of mind or loss of consideration on the part of his neighbors. But people find that verbal attacks on them nowadays, which do not cause them specific damage—that is, damage in money—really seldom cause them any damage whatever, and, consequently, are growing more and more careless about such attacks.

One reason of this, and the greatest one, is the growth of population and the multiplication of the objects of popular interest and attention. In the old days before steam and electricity and the daily press, when towns were scarce, books and periodicals few, and news scanty and long in coming, the opinion of one's neighbors had a weight of which we can now form little idea. Everybody in all but the largest cities knew everybody else and all about him, and a difference with a fellow townsman seriously interfered with one's comfort, because it furnished the community with an exciting subject of conversation and reflection. If a man's enemies took it into their head to go about calling him a "rogue" or a "cuckoldy knave," and posted up a bill pronouncing him a "coward" and a "liar," which he would probably have to pass twice a day, and which every person in the place would read, it naturally made his life miserable, although his business and his credit remained as good as ever. How much the smallness of a place and the narrowness of interests have to do with increasing the intensity of quarrels, is well illustrated even in our own day by the bitterness of the contentions between the editors of newspapers in country towns in remote districts. When one sees one's foe every time one leaves one's house, and hears his epithets on every breeze, even the most successful "action on the case" seems a very feeble and imperfect consolation.

In our time, however, everybody is so much occupied not only with what is passing in the immediate neighborhood of his own abode, but all over the Union and all over the world; everybody's interests are so diversified and so numerous, he reads so many books and papers, has so many schemes in his head, knows, on the whole, so little and cares so little about his neighbors, has so little certainty whence they came or how long they will remain, that few charges against them are sufficient to make him raise his eyes and listen. Knowing how he feels about libels on other people, he is not concerned much about libels on himself. If anybody "posts" him he knows so well that the bill will either be speedily covered up by a picture of the gathering of the priceless Buchu in the forests of Araby, or by an account of the miraculous cures of the Mandrake pills, that he never troubles his head about it. Even the assaults of the newspapers are deprived of most of their power by the frequency of their appearance, and their multiplicity. Twenty or thirty years ago, when New York was a comparatively small place, and it had only one morning paper of any note, people felt it necessary to go down and horsewhip the editor whenever he threw dirt at them. There are far more names called and more dirt thrown now, in the aggregate, than there was then; but there are so many engaged in it, and the noise is so loud and so incessant, that nobody is much troubled by it. There are no horsewhippings or bloody noses or torn clothes, in consequence of "newspaper slanders;" and, on the whole, it is seldom anybody is hurt by them. A curious illustration of the way in which the common law adapts itself to the wants of human nature is afforded by an English case cited by Mr. Townsend, in which it was ruled that publishing of a newspaper that it was a "vulgar, ignorant, and scurrilous journal" was not actionable, but that to say of it that it was "low in circulation" was actionable. Now, as we remarked in speaking of newspaper quarrels the other day, a newspaper might bring the former charge against a great many other papers in this city and elsewhere without breeding irreconcilable enmity. It would probably get repaid in kind, but the matter would blow over, and the two combatants might hope speedily to be engaged once more in the interchange of "journalistic amenities." But if it said their circulation was declining, gentle peace would quit the scene, shrieking, and with veiled face, and without the smallest hope of return: so that the legal principle here meets the demands of the community with remarkable accuracy.

There is, however, one bad feature, and it is a very bad one, in the growing indifference to libellous attacks, and that is the small influence which the utterance of libels has in damaging the character of those who utter them. It is one thing to refuse to sue a man for assailing your character, imputing bad motives to you, loading you with abuse, and holding you up to scorn and contumely, in the mere wantonness of power and for the purpose of helping "a cause" or a party; but it is another thing to treat him as if he had done nothing wrong, and as if these were legitimate weapons of public discussion. A platform or newspaper ruffian may be too insignificant or too harmless a person to be worth an action, but a person whom he assails, and who, nevertheless, embraces him when he meets him, not only shows himself wanting in self-respect, but does a serious injury to the cause of morality. A brutal press and brutal platform are as great curses as can afflict a free country. Even if they cannot damage an individual character, they do blunt the moral perceptions of the community at large, they rob reason and judgment of their legitimate influence on public opinion, they obscure or hide the real issues in great controversies, they give ignorance and impudence an undue prominence in politics and society; and even where they help on the work of social or political reform, the help is like the aid of mercenary troops, purchased at a price which deprives the result of half its value.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

ATHENS, October, 1868.

THE efforts made by the Turkish Government to mislead public opinion in Europe and the United States might, properly directed, have served to justify a good opinion; and no more satisfactory evidence is needed of the utter rottenness of the whole Ottoman organization than the systematic substitution of seeming for being, diplomats clever at lying for governors capable of justice, wholesale bribery of public men and newspapers for reformation. It is understood here that a great effort is being made now to control the public sentiment of the United States, and some people, whose sympathies have no channel to run in, in that direction, are said to have been gained, while the friends of the crescent make no secret of their belief that they have gained the good-will of our naval dignitaries; and though no one of us will believe that any of our officers could be gained *à la Turque*, it is not to be denied that the general feeling of those who have recently been

here was strong in prejudice against the Greek and good-will for Stamboul. This is easily explained. Our navy, as a general thing, likes respectable people and stations where is much entertainment, established governments, and especially those who make their seaports agreeable by little attentions and civilities, and dislikes poor and dirty people and stations where are no parties or theatres; and this especially when those people imagine that the origin and character of the American nation give them the right to demand its sympathy and aid. All men have an instinctive dislike of people who demand help as a right—they prefer those who sit humbly in the dirt and silence, waiting in patience what crumbs may fall to them; a right to ask implies an obligation to give, and when we do not want to give, the easiest way to get out of it is to deny the right to ask. The Greeks have the fault of asking as if they had the right to ask, and especially of Americans, as if they conceived that liberty and prosperity induced sympathy and a desire to aid those who are deprived of these blessings. Both great mistakes, and the first a double mistake. The Greeks have no right to ask anything from anybody, for though we are, in common with mankind, under immense obligation to the Greek race, those obligations have no legal character, as not involving any form of property known to the law; and, moreover, if we were under obligation, who does not know that any man "would rather give than pay?" Again, the possession of liberty does not give the slave a higher place in our pity, as is shown in that we ourselves protected slavery until we were obliged, in self-defence, to kill it, while all the world knows that the poor are infinitely more charitable than the rich; or if any man doubts it, let him station himself near one of the legalized beggars on one of the bridges over the Seine, where blind and lame are allowed certain places to appeal for charity, and make note of how many and what people stop to give the unfortunate alms. If I take an example from Paris, it is because in New York or Boston we are not addicted to that mistaken practice of alms-giving to public beggars.

The above considerations don't come home to us in America, but to our sailors who may be obliged to go to meet them they have their full weight; and especially when it was proposed to employ our elegant and picked ships in the dirty humanitarian service of transporting suffering Cretans, it was speedily ascertained by the entire service how much we were interested in the discouragement of insurrection and how much we were bound to non-interference in the affairs of these people—since which a growing respect for the rights of the Sultan and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire may have been observed in the navy, as well as an increased dislike of the Greeks as a knavish, presuming people, bombastic, bragging, and intrusive. (How long is it since we ceased in the estimation of most European nations to appropriate these epithets exclusively?)

I admit the force of these motives as sufficient to account for the hostility of our naval officers to the Cretan movement, without in the least impeaching their incorruptibility as a body, and should repel as a personal insult any allegation to the contrary. I do not even deny entirely the accusations against the Greeks. I do not myself like the national characteristics, and in general I may say that I don't like Greeks (in general, I don't like Americans or mankind)—I do not like negroes, but I do not see what my antipathies have to do with their inalienable rights or my duties towards them. I can't say that I should enjoy being a member of a Cretan community, but I do not see what that has to do with my obligation to do to them as I would have done to me were I fighting for my inalienable rights against a system of oppression more galling than Southern slavery. *We only cease to be responsible for the vices of others, or their woes, when we have done all in our power to help them to get rid of the causes of them.*

But in our politicians and our civil functionaries, as well as a portion of the press, I do not feel the same confidence as to incorruptibility as in the navy. We know very well what is bought and sold in Washington, and I do not think it idle to fear that the Sultan's money will find slaves there other than those he sent. I know that there is much anxiety felt as to the effect of public opinion in America, and that great efforts will be made to turn it, by the two capital dodges of false news representing the insurrection as suppressed, and the urging of our international obligations—as if all our international obligations were with the oppressor rather than with the oppressed; as if we, whose fundamental principle is that there is no right to govern without the consent of the governed, should affirm the eternal right to misgovern without that consent, wherever we ourselves are not concerned.

"But," the Porte lawyer or newspaper advocate will say, "we are giving to the Cretan rebels what we did not permit other powers to give our own." We were obliged to submit to popular and official sympathy carried to an extreme, to loans of money and arms, to the opening of ports for blockade-running, and the open justification of all this; and we could

only make a pretence of diplomatic quarrel at the undisguised fitting-out of a fleet in English ports. "But the Sultan was our friend, and forbid the entry of rebel privateers into his ports." I should like to see—no, I'd rather not see—a man simple enough to believe that the Sultan or the true Turk of any rank could be a friend of a republic of our kind, or ever gave himself a thought of us. He had clever ministers who saw that, finish how it might, our war would leave only one maritime power, the North, the only one it was worth his while to conciliate. We had a shrewd representative at Constantinople who knew how to make our case and show how it accorded with his interests. That was all. And because a despot flattered us, we must forget the principles to which we owe our own existence and the friendly foreign aid to which is due the completion of our independence. To the arguments drawn from our Southern rebellion to be applied to the Cretan insurrection, there can be no reply but contempt for the intelligence or honesty of those who use or accept them.

The dissemination of false news is much more likely (I flatter our national common sense in believing) to do the Cretans harm in America. It is employed with immense effect in Europe, where the majority of people are persuaded that the insurrection has ceased to exist. Up to a recent period the foreign ministers in Athens may be supposed to have believed that the insurrection was declining, though the consular despatches from Crete were unanimous in describing it as unchanged; but I have good grounds for saying that the ministers are satisfied that the Porte has no immediate prospect of subduing it, and that, in consequence, a new pressure has been put on the Greek Government to withdraw the aid afforded the Cretans, but that the new advance has been met by unqualified refusal to change the Hellenic policy. This refusal and direct antagonism to the English policy, which was before so favored by Bulgain, may be in part attributed to the unmasking of what has been known as the "English intrigue" in Crete, the movement in favor of a principality urged by English agents, and without doubt encouraged by the Bulgain ministry. It has become evident now to Bulgain, as it has been long to clear-headed people, that this movement was intended rather to make the Cretan cause seem weak in the knees, than to effect a result in the direction of a principality, which Mr. Elliot well knew would not be granted. What was really intended was rather to arrest the *elan* of the insurrection, and make the world believe that it was failing in courage and willing to make terms with the Turk. The first step in this intrigue was to persuade one of the chiefs to petition England for her mediation. This taken and the petition made, it was rejected on the ground that it had not sufficient authority, and the English consul informed the petitioner that the petition must be made by the Assembly of the Cretans, and represent the general desire. The next petition then was transmitted by the Assembly, and *was* to have placed the insurrection at the discretion of the English Government, but the war party inserted a clause modifying the petition, so as to insist on the popular aspirations, *i.e.*, asking the English Government to annex the island to Greece. This spoiled the whole thing; and now the English Government, after having induced the Assembly to favor the petition, refused to receive it on the ground that it did not recognize the existence of that body! And yet, though I have the most certain knowledge that the English agent in Crete and the legation here are thoroughly satisfied that the Porte has no prospect of reducing the insurrection, *in all material points stronger than it was a year ago*, we shall see the English newspapers maintaining, in the interest of the Sultan, that the affair is as good as over.

English diplomacy here has met an utter defeat, and the Greek Government will henceforward make no attempt to control the Cretan movement in an unfavorable sense. Of this I have the highest assurance. An expedition of 500 Cretans sets out to-night for Crete to rekindle the war in a section where it was supposed to have died out. This is in accordance with a policy determined long ago, to abandon the western districts temporarily and induce the Turks to concentrate their forces in the central districts, when the insurrection would break out again in Kinamos and Selinos. A more important organization is projected and will soon be landed in Crete, and the Turkish army, already weakened so as to be really incapable of the occupation of the island, supposing it temporarily conquered, will find itself beset by new terrors and a resuscitation of the insurrection such as this year has not seen, when it will be evident that I speak the truth when I say that the troops hold less of the island than they held a year ago.

Mr. Canfield, late United States Consul at Piræus, has turned up as part of the revolutionary expedition of one O'Reilly in Syria, near Damascus, and has been taken prisoner with several others, according to the Turkish account. A conspiracy with extensive ramifications has been discovered to have been in progress at Constantinople. The Bulgarian affair

broods and grows, and we shall soon hear of a new insurrection in Lebanon. The rotten old fabric of Othman seems to have touched bottom somewhere. There is but one place fit for it, and that has no bottom, they say.

Correspondence.

CREEDS AND RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: In an article entitled "Religious Conventions," issue October 18, you make this statement, namely: "Mere intellectual sympathy, or sympathy of any kind, is too subtle a thing to hold a religious organization together."

Placing the high value we do upon the editorially expressed opinions of the *Nation*, and appreciating the weight they carry with them to the *thinking* minds of the reading public, we were sorry to find this statement, unqualified as it should have been by some proper explanation, thus going abroad to the prejudice of a glorious work begun.

We should agree substantially with the main idea advanced, that some creed was necessary to a proper church organization, but differ very materially in regard to its relative importance in the same. We think that the great mistake of the Christian church, from the Papal degeneracy down to our own day, has been this very elevation of creed, so-called, to an importance Christ and his apostles never taught, nor intended it should have, in the Christian *ἐκκλησία*. You say that a school of philosophy, or a society of speculative enquiry, may be founded upon *sympathy*, but not a "church militant, a growing and aggressive church." We believe that just the opposite of this is true, and this conviction we apprehend to be the only true exponent of Christ's life and teachings. We believe that if Christ had intended to found his church upon a creed, he would have stated it so explicitly that there could have been but *one*, instead of the many there are now. It seems to us plainly taught throughout the whole Gospel that Christ intended his church should be a *brotherhood*, united by a bond of divine as well as human *sympathy*, not an organization shut in by the narrow bonds of an intellectual "credo."

Protestantism made as great a mistake when it founded its hopes upon *belief* as Catholicism did when it rested in *works*. We are told that the devils believe; and we apprehend that a person may assent to *any* creed with just as little of the spirit of Christianity as the devil himself. We think we are correct, too, in saying that the principal object of theological schools and speculative enquiry has hitherto been to find out and teach creeds; but, God be praised, there is one man in this age (Dr. Bushnell) who has apprehended what a school of theology should teach, and has dared to say it—said it, too, as no other man will be able to say it for another fifty years.

Πίστις has too long been translated belief. Trust is an attitude as different from belief as light from darkness. I may believe without sympathy, but I cannot trust without sympathy.

We spoke of a glorious work begun. We referred to the *sympathy* which sprang up so wonderfully at the time of the great universal revival of 1857 and 1858; a sympathy which brought the churches of all *creeds* so much nearer together in *feeling*, and so promoted harmonious action; a sympathy which has been increasing ever since, inaugurated by the individual sympathy and heart-work of such men as Robertson and Bushnell—a heart-work which we wish to see go on until creed shall sink to its true insignificance in Christ's *ἐκκλησία*, and all who love Christ shall be bound together in one sympathetic union of heart and life.

It seems to us that the cause of Christ and humanity demands that you should at least set yourself right in the matter, if misunderstood, as it is possible you may be.

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. GARDNER.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

[Professor Gardner's hostility to creeds seems to be based on their abuse. What we say is simply that a religious organization without a creed you cannot have. If the whole Christian church were melted into one "brotherhood" to-morrow, and were animated by the deepest "sympathy," divine as well as human, the brotherhood would still be based on a creed—and that creed would consist of at least two articles: "There is one God; and Christ's origin or mission was divine." Nobody who denied either of these propositions could or would belong to the brotherhood and share in the sympathy of Christians *quod* Christians. The necessity of a creed as the basis of a human society is, in fact,

a consequence of the constitution of the human mind. I cannot league myself with people or sympathize with them unless their aims and my aims are identical, and what our aims are can only be ascertained by throwing them into the form of propositions. This done, you may call the propositions a platform or declaration, or anything you please, if you do not like the term "creed," but the thing remains and cannot be got rid of. In matters religious no association can be formed for worship unless the members put on paper some statement of the view they take of the great problem of human existence. It may be a narrow or a comprehensive statement, but statement there must be, and the association will be successful or unsuccessful in proportion to the earnestness and tenacity with which the leading affirmations of the statement are held by those subscribing to it. It matters little, for the purposes of this discussion, how *πίστις* is translated. You cannot "trust," any more than "believe," without having formed some definite conception of the thing you trust in, and nobody can share your trust unless you describe its source; but the minute you do this you publish your creed. All this seems to us so plain that we confess we are surprised at being called on for an explanation. It must be remembered that we have been discussing simply the nature and bases of "religious organizations"—that is, human societies called churches, sects, denominations, formed for common worship or mutual edification. Of the effect of creeds on individual churches we have said nothing, and say nothing; we know very well that a very high type of character—such as that of many Stoics—has been formed without creeds or religious associations; but we know that in the past no religious association has ever existed or flourished without definite, sharply traced, positive belief, and we believe that all attempts to dispense with them in the formation of religious brotherhoods in future will fail, because it seems to be a law of human nature that great and protracted exertion of the will, called energy or earnestness, is only possible as the consequence of a distinct conception of the object aimed at. A general and vague desire, for instance, to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind may make a benevolent man or an active philanthropist, but it will not make a good church-member. Our illustration, in fact, explained our meaning. We think Unitarianism unlikely to succeed as a *denomination*, because there is no point, not even the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, at which all Unitarians will stand and affirm. This cannot be said of any other religious body.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have nearly ready, "The American Juror, being a Guide for Jurymen throughout the United States," by H. B. Wilson, and a book of physical geography, entitled "The World We Live In." They also have in press an edition of a valuable work not well enough known, though it contains good criticism, namely, Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets," which, as it has numerous steel engravings, will be a good holiday present from steady-going people to people who like their presents to be at once not dear and really valuable. "Dallas's Letters" is a series of letters written from London by Mr. Dallas, when—between '56 and '60—he was American minister in England; they are edited by a daughter, Julia. We mention by their titles these other native works and reprints which may be expected from Messrs. Lippincott & Co.: "Deep Down: a Tale of the Cornish Mines," by R. M. Ballantyne; "The Gospel in Enoch," by Henry H. Tucker; "The Apostolical and Primitive Church Popular in its Government," etc., by Lyman Coleman, with an introductory essay by Neander; "What I Know about Ben Eccles," by Abraham Page; "The Old World: Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor," by Dr. J. R. Freese; "Recollections of Persons and Places in the West," by H. Brackenridge; "Incidents of the United States Christian Commission," by the Rev. E. P. Smith; "The Wife's Messenger"—an anonymous novel—and two "Juvenile Libraries." Books, by the same house, which we have not, we believe, previously mentioned, are these: "Specimens of the Greek and Roman Classic Poets, in a Chronological Series from Homer to Tryphiodorus," which is a republication—to the extent, at any rate, of having an American imprint—of a translation, in three volumes, by Charles A. Elton; a cheap edition in paper of Maurice Hartmann's novel, "The Last Days of a King"; a "Book of Elegant Extracts," with seventy illustra-

tions; and "Chambers's Miscellaneous Questions." This work contains questions and answers on matters of literature, art, science, and so on. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce as beginning in the January number of their magazine a story of the present day—American, we presume—entitled "Beyond the Breakers."

—The present generation of readers of good literature probably first made the acquaintance of their favorite publishing house when its name and style was Ticknor, Reed & Fields. That was some fifteen or twenty years ago. The house was then a pretty old one, as houses go in America, having been founded in 1833, when its style was Allen & Ticknor. Mr. John Reed having retired, the firm name became that one with which we are all familiar, Ticknor & Fields, and continued the same after Mr. William Ticknor's death in Philadelphia—where he and Hawthorne were together, if we remember right—in 1864, when Mr. Howard Ticknor nominally took his father's place, though Mr. James T. Fields was really the head of the firm. At that time, also, Mr. J. R. Osgood was admitted to partnership and infused new life into the business. It is to him, we believe, that *Every Saturday* owes its foundation, and to him, too, doubtless, is due some of that popularizing of the *Atlantic* which, though good from the point of view of business, has not overmuch pleased its former admirers—and some of that popularizing of the *North American* which has pleased everybody—unless some of the aged country graduates of Harvard, who have not yet been heard from, are dissatisfied. The Dickens tour, also, was made such a success as it was by his sagacity and good management. The firm, as it is now constituted, has in it all the elements of success. It inherits the good relations established by the old managers between themselves and many of the leading literary men of Great Britain as well as of this country. Nobody would expect a new book of Tennyson's, or Browning's, or Dickens's, or Longfellow's, or Lowell's, or Emerson's, or Holmes's, or Agassiz' to make its first appearance before an American audience unless with the imprint of Fields, Osgood & Co.

—We had occasion, some months ago, to point out a number of errors in Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt's edition of Miss Yonge's "Landmarks of History"—to criticise it severely, as may have been thought by our readers. Time was (for we are glad to say it happens much less frequently nowadays) when a similar notice would have brought from the publishers a complaint of our harshness, and probably an intimation that the reviewer must have been actuated by feelings of personal unfriendliness to the author. Or, still seeking a motive other than the pure love of truth and desire to promote sound scholarship, they would have surmised that the reviewer had endeavored without success to persuade them to publish a book for him, or to print an article in their magazine, and now sought this opportunity of revenge, either with or without our connivance. They might even have gone so far, with the help of the indignant author, as to fix upon the person who undoubtedly wrote the review—an attempt, we need hardly say, which uniformly failed of its mark. We should, at the same time, have been treated to homilies on the dreadful consequences of such discouraging and repressing criticisms; "there would be no literature if the aspiring author were thus to be chilled in his first efforts to get a hearing." And, finally, a more or less permanent coolness might have arisen between the publishing house and the *Nation*, indicated by a diminished advertising patronage or a withholding the works of the firm from the paper. None of these things, we are happy to say, did Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt. They immediately prepared to issue a second, revised edition of the "Landmarks," which has now appeared, and which bears opposite the title-page a "special notice" to the effect that, certain inaccuracies having been exposed by the *Nation* in the former edition, "the volumes were placed in the hands of the same careful scholar to whom was entrusted the ultimate revision of the historical portions of the 'New American Cyclopedia.' He not only gave them a thorough revision, but added a very full chronological table of events, from the fall of Napoleon to the present time. The present edition contains these alterations." To which is added, in conspicuous capitals: "Any one detecting an error in any of our educational publications will confer a great favor by reporting it to us immediately." We submit that this conduct is in the highest degree praiseworthy, and deserving to have attention called to it as exceptional. Rarely enough do we find publishers who prefer the interest of the public to their own profits or the feelings of an author, and who, therefore, are thankful for honest criticism from whatsoever source. We could mention, indeed, a firm, in one of our great cities, which makes it a principle to correct on the spot any error, however trivial, in the plates of works it has already published, and that, too, even when there is a great improbability that another edition may be called for. This conscientious-

ness has no worldly reward, we may be sure, but it is that which, after all, constitutes and maintains the high—perhaps relatively the highest—reputation which the house we allude to enjoys at this moment.

—The most interesting feature of the *Riverside Magazine* for November is not the opening fable by Hans Christian Andersen—for the subject-matter of which one had better consult Mr. James Greenwood's "Purgatory of Peter the Cruel." The first place is rather to be assigned to the "Negro Fables," given subsequently, which are a positive contribution to the literature, if it may be so called, of the American Africans. They were taken down as they are reproduced, verbatim, from the lips of slaves or freed-men, and are specimens of a countless number of similar inventions. So far as we know, the Rabbit is the Reynard of them all; he appears in three of the four contained in the *Riverside*. The first, by the way, sounds so familiar to us that we cannot help thinking we have seen it in print before. However, this is what Br. (Brother) Rabbit says to "de tar baby," which is Br. Wolf's device for catching his cunning enemy. Both hands are stuck fast with slapping "de little girl," but Br. Rabbit hardly comprehends the seriousness of his position:

"He raise his right foot, and say, 'Gal, see dis foot? if I hit you wid dis foot, you tink horse kick you.' And he hit her wid his right foot, and it did stick; and so he up wid de odder foot, and say, 'See dis foot? if I hit you wid dis, you tink tunder roll over you.' And he hit her, and dat foot stick; so he say, 'Little gal, I won't say nottin' to you at all; I have knock down many a man wid my forehead, and if I happen to hit you wid it, I split your head wide open.' And he butt her wid his forehead, and dat stick."

Br. Wolf catches him next morning and makes a big fire to burn Br. Rabbit:

"As dey was passin' de brier-bush, Br. Wolf daughter say, 'Pa, you better trow him in dat brier-bush.' Br. Rabbit say, 'Do, Br. Wolf, trow me in de fire, 'cause if you trow me in de brier-bush, I done.' Br. Wolf say, 'Well, Br. Rabbit, you is a mighty tricky fellow; I want de whole race of you to die away.' Br. Wolf tink Br. Rabbit didn't want to go in de brier-bush, so he trow him dere. Br. Rabbit jump about and laugh. 'Br. Wolf, you couldn't trow me in a better place, for I was born and raise here.'"

In number two Br. Wolf is badly humiliated by Br. Rabbit, plots one revenge which fails, and tries another:

"Br. Wolf den made a bargain, and play dat he was dead, so dat he could catch Br. Rabbit. One cold day Br. Wolf was laid out before de fire on a table. Br. Dog send round to Br. Rabbit, to let him know dat Br. Wolf is die. Br. Rabbit come up to de door; it was berry cold, and he say, 'Gentlemans, is Br. Wolf dead, in fact? I am sorry to hear he is die.' Br. Rabbit step up by de fire and warm his hands, and he say, 'Gentlemans, we must hab something for setting up, and bury him to-morrow morning.' As he step from de fire, he say, 'Look here, gentlemans, something ain't right. I mus go and look at Br. Wolf face.' As he raise up de sheet, he say, 'Look here, gentlemans, did Br. Wolf grin after he dead?' He had de sheet in his hand, but didn't put it down. De gentlemans said, 'No, he didn't grin.' Br. Rabbit say, 'Well, man can't dead, less he grin.' As he say dis, Br. Wolf, wid his stupidity, grinned, and Br. Rabbit jumped out de door, and said, 'Neber see dead man grin yet.'"

The art of these tales is shown very well in the foregoing extract, in the non-essential particulars about the cold, the fire, etc. So a little before, when Br. Dog is engaged to catch Br. Rabbit for Br. Wolf: "Br. Dog leave his fiddle and eberyting to de guard-house, and tell de guard man to mind dem, and he would call back for dem on Friday." The story goes on, but Br. Dog never goes back for his fiddle.

—As not many of our readers had an opportunity of witnessing the scene in Printing-House Square on Tuesday night last when the returns were received, and as not many of them, we trust, read the *World*, we may as well borrow from that journal an account of a precisely similar scene which took place on the night of the 18th ult., after the Pennsylvania and Ohio elections:

"Long before that time" (nine o'clock in the evening) "the vicinage inhabited by H. G. and his satellites had become far noisier and more dangerous to a good citizen than Water Street at the height of the prayer-meeting at John Allen's, the Wickedest Man in New York. That wretched purlieu and every infamous haunt in the metropolis seemed to have rendered their vilest, most depraved denizens to swell the assemblage in and about the *Tribune's* door. A villainous class, for whom the editor of the *Tribune* invented the false name of 'the low Democracy,' herded there to plague the inventor by behaving in a manner that the Democracy of this city in the flush of their greatest triumph never would think of emulating. The shouts of this worthy set turned out to be for 'Grant and Colfax!' and it was as much as a respectable person's life was worth to appear within billingsgate or pistol-shot of it at those times when an aged servitor in the office ministered to the passions of a depraved mob by hoisting an exaggerated array of figures, indicating Republican majorities, on the inner walls."

Luckily, "up to the time of this writing," our informant says, "no overt

act had been committed on the *World* office or its visitors," and he seems to think that the cause of this moderation on the part of the gang of ruffians whom he has been describing was due to their abject fear of the immense number of bankers, merchants, clergymen, lawyers, and cultivated ladies who thronged the office of the *World* and the adjacent streets. The fact of the matter, however, is very different. As the "H. G." above-mentioned says, "Let us nail that lie at once." The fact really is that the notorious slowness of the *World* in getting in the returns, and a deep-seated, popular distrust of its mathematicians, caused its own proper crowd to invade "the slum on Spruce Street"—as it falsely calls the *Tribune* office—while the *Tribune's* friends were compelled, unless they chose to consort with these creatures, to betake themselves to the *World* and get such news as they could, or to the *Democrat*—which latter paper, by the way, with the immense multitude that besieged its doors on the night in question, is not once mentioned by the *World's* reporter. But the jealousies among newspapers are very intense. As we have seen, they lead to wilful perversion of facts such as we have just been reading. Then for days the *Tribune* is obliged to defend itself from the maliciousness of such attacks by calling the *World's* attention to various arrays of figures, by allusions to Mr. Pomeroy and to the small circulation which a "certain concern" enjoys in comparison with other Democratic journals. Seriously, whatever the *World* may enjoy in the way of circulation, it enjoys the services of an almost inimitable rascal of a low humorist. His work is often very excellent in its way; hardly equalled by anything of the kind that has ever been done for our city journalism of late years. The *Herald* once was very good at it; indeed we imagine that we used to find in the *Herald* traces of the hand of this same gentleman from whom we have been quoting, but it is now some time since, in our perusal of that esteemed sheet, we have been delighted by his grave and outrageous lies; his choice vocabulary, composed of words a little too large for him mixed with bits of slang and bright inventions of his own; his cheery approval of infractions of all law; his unmeasured smiling abuse of the Radical demons who afflict this country; his evident belief in personal honor. It is all, we regret to say, highly pleasing to us, though we should have to make sad work of him if we put ourselves to considering him as a morally accountable being with a character to keep and transmit or lose. He does the *World* good service, though; its more refined persiflage is often trivial stuff, evidently manufactured, and by some hand momentarily loath to labor at the grinding machine; and the wit of the *World* is often impudently bad morality as well as poor wit, but the low-comic man is pretty unfailingly good. We hope, though the elections are over, that he will not lose sight of "H. G." nor of the German Republicans nor of our prize-fighting friends.

—A St. Louis correspondent would like to know the name of some periodical which gives the titles and prices of all books published in English, and of some others which do the same thing for French, German, and other European literature. Messrs. Scribner & Company's semi-monthly *Bookbuyer*, which is given away to any one who will pay the postage on it, contains a very full list of English works, and so does Mr. Childs's *American Publishers' Circular*. But these serials derive a part of their information from the English *Bookseller* and the *Publishers' Circular* (London), and both are comprehensive and accurate. Mr. F. W. Christern, of this city, and Mr. L. W. Schmidt, respectively, issue catalogues of French and German works, and their monthly lists may be had on the same terms as the *Bookbuyer*. *Tribner's American and Oriental Literary Record* will give our correspondent the titles of the latest South American and Asiatic books, and of most of those published in the various languages of the European continent.

—Some passages in the official and private history of Counsellor Richard O'Gorman, the Honorable Mr. Fernando Wood, Judge George G. Barnard, Judge Albert Cardozo, Mr. Godfrey Gunther, and several other well-known citizens suggest to a writer in *Putnam's Magazine* (Supplement) the question which he says is every day more and more discussed among honest citizens, whether "a vigilance committee for the city of New York after the pattern of that of San Francisco" is not an absolute necessity. The tale he has to tell is that of the famous "Wood Lease" case—a piece of litigation which had for its object the prevention of payment by the city of \$180,000 to the Honorable Fernando Wood for ten years' rent of premises whose total value is a small fraction of that sum, which were unfit for the particular purpose for which our Common Council hired them, which, finally, not being accepted by the municipal law officer for whom they were chiefly hired, were occupied by other tenants from whom Mr. Wood got a second rent. The pamphlet—a most interesting one, we cannot say an astounding one—will be read with avidity on the other side of the water as

well as on this. Mr. Parton's revelations of the secret history of the Common Council is nothing to it, and the question above-mentioned is indeed suggested by it. The state of things depicted is simply frightful, and that the picture is veracious no one will for a moment doubt. The book itself, with its minuteness and vividness of detail, and the evidence it gives of having been prepared by some one who knows perfectly well the persons and things of which he is talking, of itself carries conviction of its truth.

—In a work entitled "Chaucer in seinen Beziehungen zur italienischen Literatur" Herr Alfons Kissner revives the question so ably and ardently discussed by Warton, Tyrwhitt, Wright, Craik, and many others, of Chaucer's indebtedness to Italian literature. Craik, as is well known, speaks of these "supposed obligations" with a scepticism verging upon contempt for those who maintain such a theory, and even affirms that the Father of English Poetry was entirely ignorant of the Italian language. This assertion (of which no proofs are given either direct or implicit) will seem strange to those who remember how frequently and fondly Chaucer alludes to his Italian compeers in verse, to "the wise poets of Florence, that high Dante," whom he also calls "the great poets of Italy," and to Francis Petrarch,

"whose rhetoric sweet
Enlumin'd all Italy of poetry."

It is difficult also *not* to regard the "Decamerone" as the model of the "Canterbury Tales," so marked is the resemblance between them, both in general plan and in phraseology. Craik's suggestion, that both poets may have drawn from an older source, is hardly sufficient to explain the almost verbal identity of passages like the following from Boccaccio's [II] "Filostrato," II. 5:

"E or fuasi prima pur venuto al porto
Al qual la mia sventura ora mi mena,
Questo mi fora grazia e gran conforto;"

and the following from Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseide," I. 76:

"God wolde I were arrived in the port
Of death, to which my sorrow wol me lede;
Ah! Lord, to me it were a great confort."

But it is foreign to our present purpose to discuss this point. The student of English literature who has read Craik's plea will find in Herr Kissner's volume an able presentation of the other side of the subject, and will thus be furnished with all the data essential to the formation of an intelligent and independent judgment.

HORACE GREELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.*

PERHAPS there is not in the United States a better known name than that of Horace Greeley. There can be no doubt, therefore, that these "Recollections" of his busy life will have readers in good store; and with better reason than many books multitudinously read. For it is much of it very readable, and what is not is readily *skippable*, so that it is fairly on a level with the capacities and the convenience of all kinds of readers. The many admirers of Mr. Greeley will find much in this story of how bravely, through early privations and later discouragements, he fought his way to fame, fortune, and influence, to confirm their enthusiasm for their "guide, philosopher, and friend;" while they who may not put so high an estimate on his talents and services as his more ardent partisans, may remark in this candid narrative the original defects of character and deficiencies of education to which are due those errors of method, those eccentricities of action, and those imperfections of manner which, to their thinking, have hindered his attaining the great usefulness which the great opportunity he had won for himself justly demanded at his hands. Such a career as this volume describes, conducting its hero up from the depths of an extreme though not a sordid poverty to the eminent position in the world of politics and journalism which he achieved, might well make a wiser man than Mr. Greeley think more highly than he ought to think of his own share in effecting the great changes he had witnessed, and to over-estimate the importance of the part he had had in them.

The personal narrative is well told and full of human interest—egotistically told, if you please, but egotism is the essence and the charm of autobiography. The opening passages describing the Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire, yet racy of the soil from which they came, their odd customs, their eccentric ministers, their marriages redolent of gunpowder, their funerals consoled by rum, their Calvinism tempered by wrestling, boxing, and dancing, their simple, laborious, cheerful lives, make a Puritan idyl very pleasant to read. His own early acquaintance with poverty, and his childish part in the battle for life, waged by the stout-hearted New England yeoman, his father, with the rocky soil of the Granite State, to be defeated

* "Recollections of a Busy Life. By Horace Greeley." New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1868.

at last, is all simply and touchingly told. One rainy Saturday night, towards the end of August, the father being away, the good mother "gathered her little ones around her and delighted us with stories and prospects of good things she purposed to do for us in the better days she hoped to see." The next Monday the farm and farm-house and all that belonged to them were levied upon and they "were as bankrupt a family as well could be." Thence they removed to Vermont, and "made the acquaintance of genuine poverty—not beggary, nor dependence, but the manly American sort." While the family were wrestling manfully with their fate in Vermont, the future editor entered on his apprenticeship as a printer at Poultney. Not long afterwards his father abandoned New England and set forth to hew out for himself a new home in the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, then little better than a wilderness. The young apprentice walked over from Poultney to spend a Sabbath and bid his family farewell. "It was a sad parting. We had seen hard times together, and were fondly attached to each other." He was tempted to go with them, but he would have thus broken faith with his master, and he returned to him. Still, "a word from my mother might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it, and I went my way." On his way he again felt and resisted the temptation to return, "and my walk back to Poultney was one of the slowest and saddest of my life." In the new home in Pennsylvania his father spent more than forty years, dying very lately at a great age; and though his latter days were clouded by disease, they must have been cheered by the celebrity and, we may be sure, though it is not said, made easy by the filial piety of his son.

Mr. Greeley, as is so generally the case with men who have made a mark in the world, had a mother above the average of the women of her condition, and his education began at her knee. The "abundant store of ballads, stories, anecdotes, and traditions" which she had learned from her aged grandmother, who had emigrated from the North of Ireland early in the last century, "was daily poured into my willing ears." "I learned to read," he goes on, "at her knee, of course, longer ago than I can remember; but I can still faintly recollect her sitting at her 'little wheel,' with the book in her lap, whenever I was taking my daily lesson, and thus I soon acquired the faculty of reading from a book sideways or upside down as readily as in the usual fashion." Possibly, some of the severer critics of Mr. Greeley's course might trace some of the wrongheadedness of his conduct, and the extravagance of his language, to this knack of oblique and topsy-turvy reading, applied to the living page which reflects the events and characters of daily life. His other schooling was of the slenderest kind which the schools of very poor New England districts could afford. His real education, after leaving his mother's knee, he gave himself. While living with his father in Vermont, he was liberally furnished with books from the house of the employer of the family, who thus made some amends for the loss of a part of their poor wages through his insolvency. At Poultney, young Greeley had access to a town library, doubtless well supplied with the solid reading such collections contained forty years since, and on this he fed, with a good healthy appetite, in the intervals of his daily toil, none of which were given to any common recreation. He says on this subject: "I have never since found books and opportunity to enjoy them so ample as while there; I do not think I ever before or since read to so much profit."

With this amount of preparation the young journeyman set out to seek his fortune. Of course we have no space to follow him in detail from Erie and its *Gazette* to New York, and from the *Morning Post* and *New Yorker* to the *Tribune*. All this is good reading, and we can recommend it to all who enjoy the spectacle of a hard struggle with adversity and difficulties finally rewarded with great material success. All that is strictly personal to Mr. Greeley in his personal and political narrative, diversified by episodic excursions into the realms of temperance, Grahamism, Socialism, and Spiritualism, is well worth the reading. The recital of the various presidential elections, the points on which they turned, the character of the candidates, and all the matters pertaining to them or to politics in general, will be interesting or not to the readers according to the degree of their knowledge or ignorance on the subjects. But then there is no difficulty in abstaining from reading it. The work is not particularly well arranged, and one is sometimes carried forward beyond the point at which the narrative has reached and sometimes he has to go back to pick up some fact which had been anticipated and put in its right place. But desultoriness is a venial offence, if it be not a positive virtue, in a personal biography of this sort. Perhaps the best works of this kind are such as are made up of random recollections—"whimwhams and opinions"—and incidents great and small set down as they came to mind and hand without being carefully digested and set in order. The nearer such a work approaches to a narrative,

or a relation of facts and opinions by word of mouth to an interested listener, the better story it is. And this is no bad example of the egotistical, self-complacent, gossiping, rambling, miscellaneous medley of failures and successes, of joys and sorrows, of opinions, good and bad, and their issues, which we all of us like to read, because it gives us a glimpse at a human being in some measure divested of his accidents, and because "we have all one human heart."

Mr. Greeley, it will be seen from what we have said, is emphatically what is called a "self-made man;" and he is evidently proud of the fact, as indeed he has just reason to be. We would not in the least derogate from the high honor he deserves in having made himself what he is when we say that he is not one of the few exceptions to the general rule that self-made men are seldom made well. It is very rarely that a man appears in the world able fully to supply by the energies and from the resources of his own mind the power, the intelligence, the discipline, the insight, the sagacity which are usually the result only of eminent talents laboriously trained by careful processes of education. One of the effects of a thorough education is that it teaches a true self-knowledge and a distinct perception of the proportions of things and of the relations of men to them. In these particulars, as it seems to us, Mr. Greeley has suffered from the want of a wider culture and a stricter intellectual discipline than fell to his lot. By his professional experience and excellent natural abilities he has been able to establish a journal of very wide circulation and of great influence over a large and excellent class of minds. This gives him great power for good, which, we think, the uncertainty and eccentricities of his course always hinder him from exercising to its most beneficial extent, and which he most signally failed to employ to the best advantage when it was most needed. The *Tribune* might have been the controlling force of the nation during the rebellion had it been in the hands of a wise, far-seeing, and sagacious man, instructed by the experience of the past, and capable of applying great principles to new events and of helping to shape and guide them. It need not be said that it was impotent to fill this great office. Its editor was not strong enough for it. He was overpowered by an overweening sense of his responsibilities—which a truly great man never is. It has been reported that he really believed what his pro-slavery enemies affirmed, that he was the main cause of the war and all the calamities that attended it! And really, extravagant as the statement is, it affords the best explanation of the strange vagaries and unaccountable backings and fillings which marked his course in his paper and out of it. A better trained mind would have known that he was but one of the multitudinous forces which combined to produce the war, and that it would have been brought about had he never existed; and a more cultivated taste might have saved him from the intemperate violence of counsel and language which has marked the more recent course of his journal. Though, indeed, we must confess that he may cite the example of the organs of the vilest Copperheadism, and of the extreme *soi-disant* philanthropy, to show that talent and education are no preservative against the most profligate unscrupulousness of statement and the most frantic scurrility of phrase. A better training, we are sure, would have saved Mr. Greeley from the Niagara negotiation—a blunder which very narrowly escaped being a crime—and from his being one of the bondsmen of Jefferson Davis. This last act, though merely a piece of insensate folly, has done more to damage his prestige than the former one, though that was of so much more grave a character. He admits that it has cost him thousands of subscribers to his "American Conflict." It has cost him much more than that.

But our space is exhausted. We will only say to the American boys born in poverty, to whom Mr. Greeley dedicates his work, that, while they may well be alive to the encouragement his life affords them, they should not fail also to mark the faults of character and the deficiencies of preparation which hindered it from being crowned with the highest success.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.*

THERE are men of whom the world never gets tired, and Luther is one of them. With a single exception, probably no man ever lived about whom more has been written, and will continue to be written. And one need not look far for the explanation. It would be saying little to say that he is a representative man; he is one of the vital forces of modern civilization. Blot Luther from the sixteenth century, and the historical development of the last three hundred and fifty years would have been impossible. He it

* "Dr. Martin Luthers Briefwechsel. Mit vielen unbekannten Briefen und unter vorzüglicher Berücksichtigung der De Wette'schen Ausgabe herausgegeben von Dr. C. A. H. Burkhardt." Leipzig. 1866. Verlag von F. C. W. Vogel.

("Dr. Martin Luther's Correspondence. Edited with special regard to De Wette's edition, with many unpublished letters. By Dr. C. A. H. Burkhardt." Leipzig. 1866. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)

was who spoke the solvent word. In him the work of preparation culminated. By him the seething elements of progress were fused, forged into a thunderbolt, and hurled against the one power which obstructed the march of civilization and led mankind captive at its will.

It was not the least part of the greatness of Luther that he understood the age. At every emergency he seemed master of the situation. His inconsequence and conservatism, for which he has been so soundly berated by "radicals" from his own day to the present, and at which Roman Catholic writers were so fond of sneering, were the salvation of his cause. "The history of modern times," says a great writer, "moving slowly over a broad arena, disappoints no expectations more than those of fiery spirits concerning the time necessary to the completion of reforms already in progress." That Protestantism in religion and republicanism (by no means convertible with democracy) in politics are correlates there can be no doubt; but the Reformation in Germany was at first necessarily monarchical in its character. Rome demanded (as she still demands) absolute subjection to her will, both in the church and in the state. There was not the slightest hope of making a successful stand against the hierarchy in matters of religion, unless the princes could be enlisted against the Pope. To have made enemies of both at that juncture would have been madness, and would have resulted in certain destruction. "Divide and conquer" is the motto of minorities; *festina lente*, the motto of history. This is the key to Luther's relation to Thomas Münzer and the revolt of the peasants. His conduct towards them is generally regarded by the friends of progress as a dark and ineffaceable stain upon his memory. This is the superficial and plausible view of the matter. But the careful student of history, who looks deeper, and does not at every turn allow his sympathies to run away with his judgment, who does not insist on measuring men and events by his own subjective standard, will not be likely to concur in their verdict. Certain it is that the peasants of that time were subject to the most galling oppressions, and that the demands made in the celebrated "Twelve Articles" were moderate and just no one will now attempt to deny. That Luther deeply sympathized with the sufferings of the common people is beyond all question. He defended them, and earnestly desired and sought to better their condition. He boldly told the nobles and princes that they were the executioners and spoilers of the poor; that they had nobody to thank for the insurrection but themselves; that they had sacrificed everything and everybody to their monstrous selfishness and pride, until the people neither could nor would endure it any longer. He exhorted them to comply with the reasonable and equitable demands of their subjects, and warned them in the sternest language against any resort to violence. "You may conquer and crush these poor peasants," he said, "but God will raise up others who will crush you in the end." He besought the peasants, on the other hand, to prosecute their demands with moderation, conscience, and justice. It was only when they threw off all restraint, burnt, plundered, and butchered by wholesale, that Luther cast the whole weight of his mighty influence against them, and called upon all good men to exterminate them from the earth. It was the moment of the utmost peril, and Luther knew it. The temporary success of the peasants, in the spirit which then animated them, might have been the defeat of humanity for centuries. It would have resulted in the instant coalition of the rulers and the hierarchy against them; church and state would have been consolidated as never before; the Reformation would have been extinguished in blood throughout Europe, and what is known as modern civilization would have been strangled in its infancy.

But Luther's conservatism manifested itself in matters of religion as well as in politics. In the beginning of his reformatory work he touched a single point at the periphery of the polity of the church, and to his astonishment the whole vast system trembled to its very centre. In the attempt to bring about an inner-ecclesiastical reform of certain abuses he was led to the enunciation of principles which, carried to their logical consequences, would have utterly destroyed the church as it then existed. They were principles which demanded centuries for their historical unfolding. The process of history, as of nature, is "first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards the full corn in the ear." But there were men then, as there are in every age, who were bound to have them all at once. They saw the prophecy in the seed, and could not wait for its fruition. They did not know that the seed must be put into the earth at a season when the grown plant, with its ripe burden, is impossible. They rushed to the instant realization of the hidden purposes of Providence. Luther was alarmed, and especially at the fact that the extremists in religion were also the levellers in politics. At first he reasoned with them, and attempted to convince them that everything could not be done at once. "Not everybody," he said, "must do what he has a right to do, but must have an eye

to the advantage and furtherance of his brother; just as the mother gives her child at first milk and then afterwards more solid nourishment." But these men were not to be reasoned with, and it must be confessed that Luther had no great faculty for calm debate. The whole cast of his mind was dogmatical, rather than dialectical. He doubtless saw, too, that the mass of men at that day were not much influenced by sound argument. Thus the exigencies of the case drove him to dogmatic utterances which were not only at variance with his fundamental principle, but also with his previous express declarations. He became reactionary, and certainly went further in this direction than would have been necessary had there been no opposite tendency to counterbalance. The reaction crystallized in the Confessions of Faith, and, for the time being, the progressive movement was at an end.

Justifiable as the reaction under the circumstances undoubtedly was, it nevertheless placed Luther in a false position and made him a riddle both to his contemporaries and to later ages. It involved him, furthermore, in personal quarrels and animosities, and developed in him a measureless violence of spirit and a persistent wrongheadedness which the utmost stretch of charity can scarcely excuse. It is true that with this great personality everything became personal. He decided no question on purely objective grounds, and was no lover of abstractions. He endowed everything with flesh and blood, and the devil of his imagination often stood in bodily form before him. His whole life seemed to him a warfare against the powers of darkness. Whatever went wrong was done through the personal instigation of Satan. Any estimate of the character and conduct of Luther which leaves this out of sight will be sure to be false.

It is a remarkable fact that there is as yet no adequate history of the Reformation, nor any complete and satisfactory life of Luther in any language. The celebrated work of D'Aubigné, besides being thoroughly vitiated by the theology of its author, suffers either from a want of thorough acquaintance with contemporary history and with the literature of the period, or from a want of historical and psychological insight. Jürgens attempted to meet the want of a complete and adequate biography of Luther. He had evidently prepared himself by thorough study of the sources, so far as they were then accessible to him. But whether he was possessed of the other qualifications necessary to the work we are left in doubt, for the three large volumes (2,181 pages) published in 1846-7 are entirely occupied with the life of Luther up to the first act of the Reformation, in the year 1517, and consequently with matters about which there is little room for difference of opinions. The publication of the work was interrupted by the political events of 1848-9, and has not since been continued, which is greatly to be regretted, although the original plan would have made it so voluminous as to render it almost useless to the general reading public.

What the coming historian of the Reformation ought to be it is easy to say, but hard to prophesy when he will make his appearance. It is known that Mignet has been engaged for over thirty years in the collection and study of the sources for such a history. He is said to have several hundred volumes of manuscripts in his possession, which were written during the period of the Reformation with reference to that movement. Judging from his brilliant and philosophical history of the French Revolution, which, everything considered, is perhaps the best of all the numerous works on that subject, we might reasonably expect an adequate treatment of the great theme from his pen. But, alas! Mignet is already seventy-two years old, and there is, therefore, but little prospect that he will live to complete so great a work, even if in the immediate future the first instalment thereof should make its appearance.

In regard to a life of Luther the case is somewhat more favorable. Rare and manifold as the qualifications are which the biographer of Luther must unite in himself, the present writer is so bold as to think he could put his finger on the man who possesses them all. There lives in Germany to-day a man who is fitted as perhaps no other living man is for this peculiar work. A historian of the very highest rank, he is known wherever good letters have made the modern languages common property. With a career of nearly forty years of brilliant literary activity behind him, he has already accomplished more that will be of permanent benefit to mankind than is usually allotted even to men of the first order of ability. Nature, culture, and outward circumstances have conspired together to make Georg Gottfried Gervinus a historian in the most comprehensive sense of the word; and he above all others is the man who could give us the classic biography of Luther. We say this advisedly. The peculiar character of the long line of Gervinus's literary achievements points to him as the man who would be able to do justice in all directions to such a subject. The time and the man would both receive their due. For while he knows the force and sweep of ideas in the progressive development of mankind, he never forgets the value of personal factors, and so neither makes history an abstract

power which crushes all individuality nor so emphasizes the individual as to make history the sport of personal caprice. He neither swamps the particular in the universal nor is he afflicted with that peculiar blindness which cannot see the forest for the trees. His works are so rich in subtle yet thoroughly human analyses of character that one is almost inclined to regard character-painting as his especial forte. Who that has once read them can ever forget his delineations of Machiavelli, George Forster, Shakespeare, and Schlosser? not to speak of the numberless character-pictures in the "History of German Literature" and the "History of the Nineteenth Century." But it is not mere general fitness for the work which suggests Gervinus as the biographer of Luther; there are numerous indications in his published works of a profound reverence and love for the great Saxon reformer. And now that the "History of the Nineteenth Century" has been laid aside for a brief interval, that a promise made in the preface to "Shakespeare" may be fulfilled, why might not this interval be extended for a few years so as to give us the work suggested?

The time has come when the biography of Luther can and ought to be written. There never was a period in the history of the church since the Reformation when an adequate life of the great reformer was so necessary as now; never a time when it would have exerted so great an influence. Then, too, all the preliminary work for such a life has been done; the sources have been thoroughly sifted and arranged, and they are all accessible. One of the most valuable contributions to the literature concerning Luther has recently been made by Dr. Burkhardt, in the book which furnished the occasion for the foregoing remarks. De Wette was the first to make Luther's voluminous correspondence accessible to all scholars. In the five large octavos published 1826-8 he gave us the "letters, missives, and written opinions of Luther, collected from other books and from unpublished manuscripts," with a complete revision of the text and critical and historical annotations. In 1856 this work was rendered more complete by the Rev. J. C. Seidemann, who issued a sixth volume, of over seven hundred pages, containing letters and written opinions of Luther not found in De Wette's edition. Scholars, however, have for a long time known that the collection is still incomplete and needs a thorough critical revision in the light of the results of later research. In particular, the fact that the letters addressed to Luther (with but few exceptions) had not found a place in the collection, made the answers to them often unintelligible. Dr. Burkhardt has, in the volume before us, attempted to remedy these defects. Himself archivist to the Court of Weimar, he has had unusual opportunities for consulting the most important archives and libraries in Germany, besides having received assistance from various other European countries (Sweden, Denmark, Hungary, and Italy), and from numerous persons whose position or scholarship enabled them to contribute to his work. As the fruit of many years of such labor as only Germans are capable of, he has given us not only the material for a thorough revision of the previous six volumes, embodied in nearly fourteen hundred annotations, containing textual emendations, corrections of dates, references to codices and to numberless works which give further information in regard to obscure passages and to persons mentioned in the text, but, in addition to this, nearly three hundred hitherto unpublished letters, together with an epitome of the contents (telling where they are to be found in *extenso*) of about the same number, which have already been published but not collected. Many of the new letters are exceedingly important, while others seem at the first glance to be of subordinate value. Those who seek only to be interested and amused will not be attracted by Dr. Burkhardt's book, but to the historian or biographer, and to the editor of a possible future and complete collection of Luther's correspondence, it will be invaluable.

THE BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA.*

It is certainly interesting to note the predilection which Le Sage entertained for Spanish literature, and the pertinacity with which he attempted to introduce the works of Spanish dramatic writers on the French stage. He "imitated" Lope de Vega in one comedy which he brought out; it was incontinentally damned. He tried another taken from Calderon; it shared the same fate. He courageously presented a third from Roxas; it was doubly doomed to follow in the footsteps of its ill-starred predecessors. Any other young aspirant for literary honors might have reasonably despaired under such discouraging circumstances, but Le Sage could not be put down; he was irrepressible. His tactics, however, were now changed; he cut loose from the Dons, and relied upon his own national and mother wit. Success immediately crowned his sensible resolution; for as soon as

* "The Bachelor of Salamanca. Translated from the French of Le Sage, author of 'Gil Blas,' 'Devil on Two Sticks,' etc., etc. By James Townsend." 3 vols. duodecimo. Philadelphia: Thomas W. Hartley. 1868.

he trod upon French ground he touched the French heart. Fugitive pieces of one or two acts each for the Opéra Comique made their appearance in rapid succession, and they were as popular and applauded with as unvarying uniformity as his adaptations had been universally unpopular and condemned. But the author, with all the encouragement from the French muse, felt a partiality for his first mistress; he was still fascinated with southern literature. Therefore, in the meanwhile he essayed again to seduce his countrymen to see with his eyes the charms and to hear with his ears the tones which to him were entrancing. This time, however, the Castilian comedies were abandoned and the Castilian romances substituted; their poetry was laid aside for their prose. These romances were not produced as imitations, but were boldly proclaimed to be taken bodily, and the writer's names were in every instance announced. Still French nature was not disposed to catch the Spanish fever; Le Sage was aiming at an impossibility. As well might he have hoped to substitute the Latin-Arabic tongue in the place of the Latin-Frank; for the literature of these adjoining nations is not only dissimilar but radically unlike. The Spanish *comedia* does not mean what is understood by the French comedy; it is as different as Dante's, with the scenes laid in an *inferno*, from Shakespeare's in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our author resolved on another change; he gave up the translation of both comedies and novels; he would catch the plan or leading idea of a book, nothing more. Borrowing the method of Guevara, he wrote the romance of "Le Diable Boiteux," which was a satire on public men and public institutions in France, and it met with prodigious favor. The sensation it created can only be compared with that elicited by the "Dunciad," which Pope brought out in England about the same period. But, like the destiny which has overtaken the "Dunciad," the key to the "Diable" is lost, and the two most popular works of that age are now hardly called for.

But while Le Sage was receiving felicitations from his friends on the success of his satire, he did not neglect the Opéra Comique. His dramatic compositions were plentiful, although of ephemeral merit; they were also more profitable than honorable. Yet the greater portion pleased the public, and that was enough for him. Moreover, in this mass of matter presented from time to time to the manager there was one piece with which he happened to make a decided hit. This was in the five-act comedy of "Turcaret." From its first appearance it met with universal approbation; it was greeted with unbounded applause by the Parisians; and it was equally fortunate in satisfying the more critical taste of the court. Nothing else was talked about in literary and dramatic circles; nothing else was acted in the theatres. "Turcaret" was the rage, and its author was proclaimed the worthy successor and equal of Molière. Molière, however, was dead, and could not defend the supremacy of his fame as the legitimate autocrat among comic writers. But Voltaire was living, with no humble pretensions to the first place in dramatic literature. The absence of jealousy in his character was not one of his virtues, and he could not bear to hear the praises of Le Sage trumped everywhere, until his own fame dwindled by comparison into a faint echo of former times. He became angry, of course, and did not conceal his dislike to the author of "Turcaret." To his own malignant temperament he poured out a daily sacrifice of sarcasms, biting, brilliant, and bitter, on the head of his rival; nor was his adversary and abomination slow to return corresponding compliments. The public enjoyed this battle between tragedy and comedy as mischievous school-boys witness a set-to between a snarling mastiff and a cat. Voltaire stigmatized his opponent as a pirate for ever prowling beyond the Pyrenees in search of intellectual plunder; Le Sage sneered back again that the producer of "Phædrus" was not so partial or particular about the country he ravaged; and, punning on his name, declared his was *col terre à terre* wherever he could rob.

When "Gil Blas" was published, everybody readily surmised it was another "Diable Boiteux," but with the scenes laid by Le Sage in Spain; and thus they commenced rummaging its pages in search of satire on men and things in France. It was on all sides pronounced perfect; the "Devil" was not equal to it. In truth, "Gil Blas" is the novel upon which the fame of its author must for ever rest, and will rest for ever. But was it an original composition by him, or was it only one more of his many importations from Castile? This question has given rise to as much discussion as the famous controversy respecting the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," but it cannot here be dwelt upon. Le Sage died, and some years thereafter Voltaire, in the course of his literary publications, declared that "Gil Blas" was the work of a Spaniard, in a manuscript entitled "Relaciones de la vida del lescudero Marcos de Obregon." Although this manuscript has never been found, the world has been content to accept the unsupported opinion of the philosopher of Ferney. All Spaniards

believe that none but a Spaniard could have produced it. Llorente, the last disputant on the subject, the historian of the Spanish Inquisition, in a memoir read before the French Academy in 1820, affirms that none other than one long resident in the country could have composed it, and it is well known Le Sage never set foot in Spain. Llorente further maintained that the "Bachelor of Salamanca" was originally a part of the same novel.

"The Bachelor," however, was printed separately many years subsequent, and the author announced on the title-page that it was taken from a Spanish manuscript. The book, notwithstanding the high reputation of the writer, produced no sensation in Paris; it was merely glanced at, and speedily gathered to its many brethren. To be sure, the Abbé Desfontaines, an historian of the French theatre, affected to be pleased with it; but La Harpe pronounced it to be the tamest of Le Sage's romances—a judgment which is entirely to be accepted, and which certainly buries it deep beneath a huge pile of rubbish.

Yet, among the many curiosities of literature, the "Bachelor" has one claim to attention upon the American scholar. It is evident that the second volume was written by some person conversant with Mexico under the vice-regal government. The adventures purport to have occurred in that country; the "Bachelor" writes that he was a secretary in the palace. His statements, in addition, bear the authentic ring of genuine revelations. In an historical aspect, therefore, the romance is entitled to respect as a delineation of manners and habits of that distant period in that distant locality. The great debate at present there among the learned is upon the point whether the people were more happy under a king or under a republic. Don Lucas Alaman, the most graceful of Castilian writers, the best of Mexican historians, and in his lifetime the chief of the Church party, believed they were blessed under the Spanish crown; he has painted their situation in rose color. But the "Bachelor" has thrown some dark shades into the picture, nor can the truth presented by his canvas be doubted. He, however, states that he was an official under the viceroy, the Conde de Gelvez. There was no viceroy with that title. He undoubtedly means the Marquez de Gelvez, the Conde Priego, who governed in 1862. A Conde de Gelvez held sway for a short time in the next century, in 1785.

The translator has done his work well. We only wish, for the publisher's sake and the sake of the success of his laudable undertaking, that the labor had not been expended on a book so dull and comparatively worthless.

EGYPT AND THE BOOK OF GENESIS.*

EGYPTOLOGY, so greatly enriched of late by the researches and discoveries of Lepsius, Mariette, Birch, Rougé, Brugsch, Chabas, and others, has found a new and able cultivator in Dr. Ebers, of Jena, who has just issued the first of two volumes destined, we believe, to occupy a place among the prominent publications in that vast and interesting field. Under a similar title, "Die Bücher Mose's und Aegypten," Hengstenberg, in 1841, published a work on the same subjects, with the avowed object of confirming the authenticity of the Mosaic narratives by the testimony of the Egyptian monuments, and of defending it against that testimony, in all cases of discrepancy. Dr. Ebers has no object in view but purely critical examination, comparison, and elucidation. As an Egyptologist, bent neither on assailing nor defending scriptural statements, he lends the light of his science to illuminate all of the first two books of Moses that has any reference to the history or the language of Egypt, and if the result, in almost all cases, tends to enhance our opinion of the external knowledge contained in the Hebrew records, this is by no means to be attributed to the theological bent of the enquirer, but exclusively to the convincing force of impartial research. The work is the product of extensive knowledge, as well as of conscientious labor, and, after due sifting on the part of competent scholars, it cannot but serve to fertilize and extend the field of Biblical criticism. Here we must content ourselves with acquainting our readers with its principal contents and some of its more important conclusions, without entering into a detailed discussion on the merits of single points.

After giving an introductory sketch on "hieroglyphic writing and its deciphering," and another, more ample, on the physical geography of Egypt, the author opens his dissertations on the Book of Genesis with remarks on the Gihon, one of the four rivers of Paradise, in which he, like so many others from Josephus to Ewald, recognizes the Nile, although—letting alone the geographical question—the name of the river that "compasseth the whole land of Cush" is nowhere used by either Egyptians or Hebrews as designating the river of Egypt—their Hapi or Yeor.

* "Aegypten und die Bücher Mose's. Sachlicher Commentar zu den Aegyptischen Stellen in Genesis und Exodus. Von Dr. Georg Ebers, Privatdocent an der Universität Jena und Vorsteher des Grossherzogl. Ethnographischen Museums daselbst." Vol. I. Leipzig, 1868.

Of the Mosaic ethnological table (Gen. x.), which is next in order, only the Hamitic division is examined, and that also only as far as Egypt is concerned. Ham, according to our author, in no part represents the Ethiopic or African race, though he represents dark-colored nations and sun-scorched lands. Cush, the father of tribes in Ethiopia, in Arabia, on the Tigris, and elsewhere, and Phut—whom he identifies with the Punt (Arabs) of the Egyptians, as designating some of the roving tribes of Northern Arabia—are no more African than their younger brother, Canaan. The same, he demonstrates, is the case with Mizraim, who represents Egypt.

The main—or perhaps, more properly speaking, the dominant—parts of the Egyptian people, as is proved by the shape and color of the monumental figures, by the skulls and hair of the mummies, by the early and extraordinary civilization of the Pharaonic realm, and partly also by philological evidence, could not have sprung from African aborigines. They “were of Caucasian descent, and . . . together with other tribes, whose skin likely but later assumed its dark hue under a scorching sun, they migrated from the regions of the Euphrates and Tigris, probably across Arabia, into the north-eastern parts of the African continent. Possibly a division of these emigrants separated itself from the bulk, and pitched its tents in the blessed regions of Arabia Felix. Those who struck the Nile established themselves on the banks of that beneficent stream, spreading along them upward as far as the torrid zone.” Climatic influences, however, and amalgamation with aborigines, gradually so modified the complexion of the Egyptian that even his original descent became doubtful, and he could be classed by superficial observers among the blacks. Five hundred carefully classified Egyptian skulls, forming a part of the Paris exhibition of 1867, which the author had the opportunity to examine, distinctly proved the correctness of this previously established view. The ancient Egyptians looked with contempt upon negroes. Their language betrays Semitic affinities, though chiefly in the vocabulary. “Having settled in Egypt they preserved many roots and some forms of their original tongue, though in the main accommodating themselves to the dialect of the natives.” The people of Meroë, as the monuments show them, resembled the Egyptians in form and color. Besides, they were not the teachers, as was once believed, but the disciples of the latter in civilization and art. These flourished on the lower Nile before the monuments on the upper were created.

The Hebrew name of Egypt, Mizraim, or Matzor (fortress), our author very plausibly proves to have been given that country on account of a defensive wall, supplied with bastions and watch-towers, which separated it from its Semitic neighbors on the north-east, having been erected by the Pharaohs of the old dynasty as a protection against Asiatic invaders, a protection which proved insufficient, however, against the Hyksos. That wall—of which Lepsius on his late journey discovered some traces—is presumed to have extended across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the fortified towns of Pelusium, Migdol, Heroöpolis, and Clysma with each other, and, by a branch, with Heliopolis also. The shorter name originally designated only Lower Egypt, the longer, with the dual form, was applied to the whole of the country, which the ancient Egyptians, unlike the Greeks, considered as consisting of only two parts. The native name, the Kham or Kam (dark) of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, always designated the whole, having reference to the black soil of the valley of the Nile, and corresponding to the Ham of the Scriptures, of which it may have been the origin. The Greek name, *Ægyptus*, our author identifies, after Rheinisch, with the I-Caphtor of the Hebrew Bible, the island-country or coast-land of the Caphtorim, which, according to their view, means the Delta.

A vast amount of learning is devoted to the demonstration that of the descendants of Mizraim, as enumerated in the Mosaic table, the Ludim, Anamim, and Lehabim corresponded to the Lutu (common Egyptian people), the Amu (a nomadic tribe near the Isthmus), and the Lubu (dependent Libyans) of the monumental records; that Naphtuhim and Pathrusim designated the two grand divisions of ancient Egypt; and that the Casluhim and Caphtorim were more or less Egyptianized Phœnicians who inhabited the region around Mount Casius and the Delta, respectively, “from where issued the Philistines,” or principal parts of them.

By far the amplest dissertation of the book treats of the Caphtorim—the Kaft-u, Phœnicians, of the Egyptians; of the coast-land they occupied in the empire of the Pharaohs; of their other settlements, mostly commercial, in that empire, and principally at Coptos; of their relations to the Egyptians proper; of their services as sailors and mariners; of their expeditions, in the service of Egyptian kings, to the islands and coastlands of the Mediterranean; of their share in developing the art of writing—an invention of the Egyptians—and spreading it among the nations; of the influence they exercised, through the introduction of Syrian, and chiefly Sidonian, elements, upon the mythology and worship of the Nile cities, and of a number of

kindred topics. On this subject our author means to be exhaustive, regarding it as the main part of the volume, and if his arguments, in spite of all the Egyptological and classical learning and research employed in their support, fail to remove all objections and doubts, and on many a point remain entirely conjectural, we must, on the other hand, acknowledge that he has succeeded in drawing into his wide-spread critical net a multitude of interesting things, which the uninitiated will find highly instructive, and the scholar as highly suggestive.

In connection with the Caphtorim, Dr. Ebers treats of the Hyksos; of their race, which he with most other Egyptologists holds to have been Semitic, as well as of their dispersion after their expulsion from Egypt. In the following parts he discourses, among other things, of the Patriarchs, of the name Pharaoh, of circumcision among the Egyptians, and of some parts of the story of Joseph, the details of which he compares with what is known from non-scriptural sources about the domestic habits and some of the institutions of the Egyptians. His illustrations from purely Egyptian sources are here still more abundant than in other parts of the work. The whole book abounds in excellently executed hieroglyphic quotations, which, together with its numerous remarks on that ancient form of writing, on Egyptian words and forms of speech, and on books and dissertations on these subjects, can almost serve as an elementary guide to the linguistic sources of ancient Egypt. The style of the author is pleasant and often animated, but he is sometimes too discursive, and frequently indulges in repetitions. The print, in all its variety of letters, is fine, but not always correct.

Doctor Jacob. By M. Betham Edwards, author of “A Winter with the Swallows,” “Dr. Campany’s Courtship,” etc. (London: Bradbury & Evans, 1868.)—The scene of Miss Edwards’s rather peculiar little story is laid in the free city of Frankfort, which is described with a good deal of apparently accurate detail. Her hero, Doctor Jacob, strikes us as a new acquaintance in fiction. He is a clergyman of the English Church, who comes to Frankfort for the purpose of raising funds to aid him in fulfilling his duties as a self-appointed missionary to the Jews. He is sixty years old, but handsomer than most handsome men of thirty, being possessed of “every possible physical advantage—a fine, well-posed head, six feet two inches of height, fine sensitive eyes, a clear healthful coloring, an English pair of shoulders, and the easiest, gracefulmost carriage in the world.” He has also a “vast and well-stored mind,” great knowledge of human nature, manners which fascinate everybody, and a “gift” in preaching which charms money out of all pockets. The actions of this aged Adonis do not in all respects conform to the received codes of either clerical or lay morality. In the first place, the reader is left until nearly the close of the book in suspense, which, considering that it is intentional on the author’s part, is not too harrowing, as to the nature of his relations with Miss Macartney, the English governess in a school superintended by the Fräulein Fink. Miss Macartney is evidently greatly troubled by Doctor Jacob’s advent in Frankfort; she has a horror of meeting him, and yet she loves him tenderly.

The Baroness Ladenburg, a pretty woman of forty, with a husband, a grown-up son, and numerous children of various sizes, also cherishes a passion for Doctor Jacob, which is of long standing. The doctor is “a Goethe among women.” He has “only to hold out his hand, and every little warm heart drops into it.” His last conquest is a little “Mädchen” of eighteen, who adores her venerable lover to that degree that when, out of consideration for the sorrows which untimely widowhood would inflict on her, he breaks his engagement to marry her, and leaves Frankfort, she goes after him, is devoured by jealousy when she finds him travelling with Miss Macartney (who turns out to be his daughter), and has many disastrous adventures. Yet, notwithstanding the love which exists between him and all women, Doctor Jacob has lived a pure life. He delights in the society of modest and refined women, and takes pleasure in supplanting men who might be his grandsons—but he never abuses his easy victories. He was once, to be sure, on the point of eloping with the Baroness Ladenburg, at her earnest solicitation, but that was when he was comparatively youthful—not over fifty-three at most—and he was easily prevented by his daughter. With the only two women who had just claims upon his time and his affections he appears to have found it impossible to live. He separated from his wife after six years of wedlock, and, after his reconciliation with his daughter who had been alienated from him by some malicious intrigue of the baroness, and who is represented as a woman of fine character and great affection for him, the experiment of remaining in the same house with her failed utterly. Another peculiarity of Doctor Jacob’s is a great fondness for jewels, perfumes, and kid gloves, and he runs in debt for such articles so deeply that in order to free himself he appropriates the funds collected

for his mission. He creates great scandal in Frankfort, but all his undeni- and undeniable guilt fails to rob him of the love of the best men and women whom he has met there. Finally, the reader leaves him alone in his old age, meditating upon the errors of his life, doubting, disbelieving, and unhappy.

The character is a peculiar and not a very plausible one, but Miss Edwards draws it very well, as indeed she may be said to draw every character that she introduces. They are all distinctly outlined, and the story is cleverly written—which makes the fact that it is hardly pleasant reading and not specially interesting a somewhat perplexing one. We account for it in this way—that the reader never shares the half doubt that exists in the mind of the author with regard to her hero. She desired to represent a man open to influences only on the sensuous side of his nature, and yet pure in mind and in life, falling into errors not because he fails to comprehend his duties, or through wilful disregard of them, but from inability to resist gratifying his desire for the more refined pleasures of the senses. But, through some subtle, unintentional fault in her phraseology, we fancy, when he makes his first appearance in the study of Dr. Paulus, a hazy impression that he is "a fraud" occurs to the reader—his venerable beauty, his snowy hair, his complacent smile indistinctly suggest the patriarch of Bleeding Heart Yard, and one is prepared to find him embezzling missionary funds, and would not be too harshly surprised to find his hand in the poor-box. It is only when there seems a probability that he may, after all, be justly entitled to the love and respect he gains from every one, that the reader takes more than the mildest interest in him. His love passages, too, though Miss Edwards does her work skilfully, are just the least bit absurd. It was a mistake, moreover, to make him a clergyman, since there was apparently no satire intended. He is a parson quite too far 'over the line.' He plays his part, too, on an insignificant stage. Miss Edwards's Frankforters would doubtless be more uninteresting in reality than in her presentation, and one is inclined to think that people who could be moved to tears and to lavish generosity by such eloquence as she gives us a specimen of in the doctor's missionary sermon deserved to have their pockets emptied and their wives and daughters innocently fascinated. The book shows thought and cultivation, and suggests that the author might do work which would be much more agreeable. Her present story forms the third of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans's Handy-Volume Series, a series which Roberts Brothers are reprinting under the same title.

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othy Colavi, who represents the average quality of the left wing, his position in the French Protestant Church is not unlike that which Neander occupied in Germany and Bushnell holds here in America. A man of strong feeling and stiff prepossessions, his scholarship is liberal enough to give an appearance of tolerable fairness to his dealings with his opponents. A sense of the individuality of his own position, which he not only feels but of which he seems rather proud, would naturally prove a corrective of any harsh judgment into which he should find himself enticed. His present work is a rather ponderous duodecimo, but is written in such a bright and easy style that its demand upon the mental energies will not be great, more especially as the deeper the subject the more superficial is his treatment. It is to be regretted that M. de Pressensé's talent runs to speculation rather than to criticism, as the great questions here discussed are upon trial rather upon critical than speculative grounds, and upon the issue of this trial will depend the necessity of a further trial in the courts of speculation. M. Pressensé does not ignore the critical question, but he subordinates it to the speculative, and having decided on speculative grounds that his own view is tenable, he subjects it, on critical grounds, to anything but a rigid examination. The peculiarity of his own view lies principally in insisting on the human side of Jesus's character and work. The volume is made up of five books. The first discusses the credibility of the supernatural as opposed to Hegelian, positive, and theistic speculation, and the credibility of the Gospel narratives, together with the religious state of the world at the appearance of Jesus. The second treats of the youth of Jesus and his preparation for his work; the third of "The Period of Public Favor;" the fourth of "The Period of Conflict;" the fifth, consisting of nearly two hundred pages, of "The Great Week: Death and Victory." The notes, even more than the text, indicate that the author has brought to his work the results of wide acquaintance with the literature of his subject, as well as with its localities in the East. The book is not one to excite the popular interest excited by Renan's work and "Ecce Homo," but in many circles will no doubt be well appreciated and enjoyed.

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